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## Contents


EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS ..... 475
EDITORIALS:
Monarchy, Communism—or Mere Starvation?..... 478
Mr. Hughes Admits Everything..... 479
Beer and Bigger Things..... 479
Pavlowa ..... 480
THE END OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE. By Oswald Garrison Villard.. 481
PINCHOT FOR PRESIDENT? By William Hard..... 482
ISRAEL ZANGWILL. By Johan J. Smertenko..... 483
THESE UNITED STATES—XLI. FLORIDA: THE DESERT AND THE ROSE. By Clara G. Stillman..... 484
RAILROADS AND THE MECHANICS OF SOCIAL POWER:
III. The Pools of Power. By Amos Pinchot..... 488
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter..... 490
CORRESPONDENCE ..... 490
BOOKS:
Understanding Mexico. By Ernest Gruening..... 492
How to Make Wages Go Up. By Henry Raymond Mussey..... 493
By One of the Marchers. By Fanny Garrison Villard..... 493
Louise Bogan. By Mark Van Doren..... 494
Paradox. By Alice Beal Parsons..... 495
"Your Own Personal View." By Clara M. Smertenko..... 495
Books in Brief..... 495
DRAMA:
Importations. By Ludwig Lewisohn..... 496
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Indians in Kenya..... 497



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THE best there is to say of the pow-wow in Washington between President Coolidge and the State Governors in regard to prohibition is that the meeting and its recommendations will soon be forgotten. It was a fine exhibition of unctuous claptrap which apparently satisfied nobody except the official stenographers who were paid for reporting it by the word. Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, who fathered the whole movement, says it got nowhere; Governors Parker of Louisiana, Ritchie of Maryland, and Smith of New York think it got too far; and Governor Blaine of Wisconsin asserts that the only result was to boost Governor Pinchot as a Republican Presidential candidate. Even these mild estimates give an exaggerated importance to the meeting. The speeches and resolutions reek with "cooperate," "coordinate," and other words whose use we discovered during the war when we were trying to express in a high-sounding way something we didn't in the least understand or mean. Mr. Coolidge himself was not a little muddled about the duties of States toward Federal laws. If he meant to say that in general States have a direct duty to enforce Federal laws, he announced a doctrine not hitherto accepted. If he referred to the "concurrent power" to enforce prohibition which is specifically given to the States by the Eighteenth Amendment, he forgot that the fun of that has been destroyed by the Supreme Court's ruling that no higher alcoholic content can be fixed than in the Volstead law. The fact is that in prohibition the United States is undertaking a great radical experiment. Successful enforcement will come only if eventually the law commends itself not to a large minority or a small majority but to an overwhelming proportion of our citizens. In the meanwhile we are in for rather a nasty time of it.

THAT staunch old democrat, President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia, must have twinged when he read the comparisons in the Paris press between his visit to the French capital and that of the Czar of Russia some years ago which sealed an alliance that began with a loan and ended in a war. For he too is concluding a loan and sealing an alliance, and he is too experienced in the ways of diplomacy not to know and regret the possible implications of his and his country's action. Henceforth, apparently, the French army of more than 600,000 men, the French-trained Polish army of 400,000 men, and the French-trained Czech army of 300,000 men will form one military unit. We shall soon see published in the League of Nations Treaty Series, as the Covenant of the League requires, the text of some innocuous "defensive" treaty; but the accompanying military treaty will be styled "agreement" or "convention," and kept secret. As a matter of fact this new treaty marks the completion of another chapter in the development of a system of alliances which makes Central Europe virtually a province of France. That empire of Mitteleuropa of which pan-Germans dreamed during the war has been realized—but by Germany's ancient enemy.

AN intricate network of post-war alliances binding the new nations of Central Europe to each other and to France perpetuates the hates of war time. Belgium is bound by treaty and loans to follow France. Political, commercial, and military treaties between France and Poland, signed during Marshal Pilsudski's visit to Paris in February, 1921, gave the signal for the "Little Entente." Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia and Rumania, moved by a common fear of mutilated Hungary, signed military agreements in June and July of 1921; Rumania and Poland made an agreement directed against Russia at the same time; and before the end of the year Czecho-Slovakia and Poland composed their disagreements. Czecho-Slovakia moved toward including ruined Austria in her orbit in December, 1921, but Austria's subsequent adoption as a ward of the League has left her out of any scheme of alliances. Poland sought, just before the Genoa Conference of 1922, to sweep the Baltic states into the Polish military system, but they resisted. Meanwhile a series of loans and commercial agreements has cemented the dependence of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Rumania upon France. Jugoslavia's future remains uncertain; she may settle her differences with Italy and swing into the British system, or follow the easier path of French domination. In any case an enormously powerful military system has been established in Europe, and Germany, facing disruption, sees an alliance of enemies reaching greedy hands at her from every side. Outside the system stands one Power—Soviet Russia; and toward it too Poincaré is now extending feelers.


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CONTINUING unemployment brings in England, as everywhere, talk of money inflation as a remedy. Even the Conservative *Spectator* and so sound a financier as Reginald McKenna, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, seem to be flirting with the thought; and less cautious thinkers are boldly proposing that the government issue paper currency to the value of a hundred million pounds, and use it to put the unemployed to work. It is an alluring prospect—it all sounds so beautifully simple. Print money and pay your debts—the harassed statesman need not even resort to taxation to meet the obligations of his government. Unfortunately the game has other consequences. For England particularly, burdened with the American debt which must be paid in gold, the prospect of a debased currency has obvious drawbacks. But there are always some men who, like Hugo Stinnes, can find means to profit by a falling currency, and such speculators will always find hungry crowds ready to accept any glistering hope. It remains true that, as Francis W. Hirst once put it,

> No more severe reflection could be passed upon the moral and political capacity of the human species than this: Five thousand years after the invention of *writing*, three thousand after the invention of *money*, and (nearly) five hundred since the invention of *printing*, governments all over the world are employing the third invention for the purpose of debasing the second; thereby robbing millions of innocent individuals of their property on a scale so extensive that previous public confiscations of private property through the adulteration of money . . . seem pigmy frauds in comparison with the present vast inundation of counterfeit paper money.

FRANCE naturally is watching the British move toward inflation with eager interest. The steadiness of the French note circulation—it is actually a trifle lower today than in 1920—has been the chief argument of those who have sought to bolster the waning credit of the franc. The utter financial failure of the Ruhr invasion has not yet had its due reflection in the market rating of the French unit of currency. Note circulation has been kept low by resorting to internal loans and other camouflaged forms of inflation, but these have their limits. Further issue of paper money would under present circumstances seriously damage the credit of the government at home—although some politician-financiers such as M. Loucheur are already advocating inflation—for it would involve an open parliamentary vote raising the legal limit of note issue beyond the present 41 billion francs. If, however, the canny financiers of Great Britain should take the lead, the task of the French politician in explaining such a policy to the people would be enormously simplified. Inflation gives a temporary relief, even though the after-effects be harsh—and after the elections next spring the politicians will be safe for another four years.

THE folly and futility of preparedness were never better illustrated than in the storm raised by Britain's proposal to build a great naval base at Singapore. Before the first load of cement had been dumped the old, old story began again. Holland feels menaced—the Dutch East Indies seem threatened. The Dutch Government, which feels the need of economy so keenly that it is reducing civil employees' salaries 10 per cent, proposes an enormous naval budget to build a base at Tanjung Priok as a defense against Singapore. The Philippines are also near; and when our Congress reassembles there will not be wanting Senators and Representatives to plead for scrapping the Washington treaties and building a base in the Sulu Archipelago or on Palawan Island, even if the British proposal should fall through. Japan, in the long run, will never let such a fort go unmatched, though earthquakes and Washington treaties enforce a present prohibition. The Singapore plan has done more to excite distrust of England in the East than the return of a dozen Wei-hai-weis, even if faithfully executed, could wipe out—and the Englishmen who like Ramsay MacDonald are fighting it are, even from an imperial point of view, the true patriots.

TO all those who are losing sleep over the influence and position of the Ku Klux Klan we suggest a look at the American Legion. Three and four years ago the Legion, with its lawless attacks upon individuals, its campaign against our foreign population, and its effort to dictate the policies of public officials, occupied much the same position on the first pages of the newspapers that the Klan does today. But the Legion did not succeed in holding its position and neither will the Klan. Today the Legion has almost completely abandoned its former violent and offensive tactics, and at its recent national convention it passed a resolution aimed at the Klan (though not by name) which sounded much like censure of the Legion's old self. In regard to a soldiers' bonus, too, the Legion has shifted its ground. For the first time in the Legion's history there was an organized opposition in the national convention to the usual resolution in favor of the bonus, which for a time deadlocked proceedings. If even the Legion, which has been the mainspring of bonus propaganda, now finds itself divided on the issue, what justification is there for the plan to put a bonus bill through the forthcoming session of Congress? We agree with the Legion that care of the disabled is the nation's first duty; and we think it has no other financial obligation toward the ex-service men of the World War.

HOW the shortage of homes in New York City had torn down the constructive efforts of a quarter of a century toward protecting the health and comfort of tenants was described by Frank Mann, the Tenement House Commissioner, when he appeared before the State Commission on Housing. Mr. Mann frankly admitted that the requirements of the tenement-house law were not enforced unless his department believed there was a fire hazard. Only four apartments out of 1,000 are vacant at the present time, said Mr. Mann—almost precisely the same situation as in 1920 when the emergency rent laws were enacted. To enforce the tenement-house law would be to put some 30,000 persons on the streets without expectation of finding new homes. "If we consider it is a case where no danger of fire exists, we don't prosecute," he said, "on the ground that there are times, and these are the times, when a public official charged with enforcing a certain duty must close one eye and sometimes both." Obviously the emergency rent laws of 1920 should be continued, but that meets only part of the need. As the New York *Evening World* puts it:

> Increasing sense of social and State obligation has steadily sought to mitigate the harsher workings of economic law in crowded cities. The present rent laws in this State, with the exception of the tax-exemption law, are only the restrictive part of the program urged when they were passed. The constructive part of that program proposed State aid for housing. If pri-

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vate initiative fails to provide decent homes for families of modest income, public initiative must take a hand, as it has in other countries.

IN a period when labor newspapers are finding it hard to live, it is pleasant to observe that labor banks multiply and grow fat. New York City already has two and is about to add a third. The first of the trio, the Amalgamated Bank of New York, only six months old, increased its depositors from 800 in the middle of April to 5,613 on October 14, while its total resources expanded in the same period from $747,000 to $2,514,000. The progress of the Federation Bank, sponsored by the New York State Federation of Labor and the Central Trades and Labor Council of New York City, has also been rapid. All of which promises well for the forthcoming International Union Bank of the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the opening of which is now definitely set for December 1. It may be objected that while there is a clientele in New York City for one or two labor banks, there will not be enough business for three. But the opportunity lies in creating new business, not in taking it away from other banks. The creation of new banking services and the gathering in of new groups of customers among people of moderate and small means are open fields for labor banks.

THERE is frank amazement in Great Britain over the fuss Americans are making over the visit of Mr. Lloyd George. The British newspapers cannot understand why his visit is attracting such attention, is receiving so much publicity. But for America Mr. Lloyd George personifies, as does no other individual, the epic of the World War; and that holocaust still has much more romance for the people of the United States than for those that had more of it and learned to understand it better. Besides that, America can hardly fail to respond to its first direct contact with so vital and keen a personality. There seems to be another consideration too. For the British Mr. Lloyd George is only an ex-premier; shorn of power, he is shorn of interest. In America—never much concerned with his precise political status—Mr. Lloyd George continues to be a public official on the basis of his reputation. Something similar happened when, after the last presidential campaign, James M. Cox visited England. Here he was regarded as a spent bullet, and Americans could not fathom why he was received abroad with virtually official honors or how his words could be taken so seriously. As runner-up in the presidential contest, Mr. Cox was apparently rated as the second most important political personage in the United States. Which reminds us that a Buenos Aires newspaper once gravely described the official position of William Jennings Bryan as "ex-Presidential candidate of the United States."

IN these days of almost universal folly and insufficiency in politics it gives one a glad jump of surprise to read of one region which is reputed to have a model governor and an almost ideal government. One's surprise is greater because the region in question is in a country whose national government has all but collapsed. The region is the province of Shansi, China, and the man is General Yen Hsi-shan. General Yen became the boss of the province of Shansi when only thirty years old and has been on the job for eleven years. Although a graduate of a military school, his first act was to propose a general disbandment of troops, setting an example by reducing his own soldiery from 50,000 to 20,000 men. Nevertheless, according to a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, banditry is virtually unknown in Shansi and it is the one province of China that has effectively put down the opium traffic. Nor is General Yen asleep in constructive measures. He has built roads, has started a forestry school and a scheme of reforestation, and has introduced sheep from Australia with a view to breeding a strain suitable to the Shansi hillsides. All of which sounds too good to be true—and maybe it is. Anyhow it is so far away that it can have no unhappy influence on our own politicians, and as most of our critics—a few of whom are also our readers—say we ought to publish more that is optimistic, we present this picture of political perfection for such as are able to believe it.

MOST of the spectators of the Zev-Papyrus race seem to have missed its most novel and spirited aspect. We came near missing it ourselves, for we saw the race at second hand through the columns of a New York Sunday newspaper, whose account began on the first page but, before getting fairly warmed up, skipped not only to another page but to another section—one which we had already read and thrown away. Eventually we recovered the missing section and thus the threads of the plot. The officials of the Jockey Club, not satisfied with the gate receipts from 45,000 spectators, sought to sell the exclusive privilege of making motion pictures to a single company. The first company approached declined to be held up in any such manner, saying that the race was a public spectacle and the company would get pictures of it anyway. Two other firms took the same position; a fourth accepted the offer, paying, it is said, $50,000. The outsiders then arranged to instal cameras in various nearby houses, built a "crow's nest" in a handy tree, and arranged for airplane pictures from above. But just before Zev and Papyrus lined up before the starter's gate, the photographers with the concession put in position some huge mirrors and sent up a screen of smoke to spoil the plans of their rivals. The outsiders say they got their pictures just the same and some "close-ups" besides, the latter made by two actresses in the grandstand who carried small motion-picture cameras camouflaged as hand-bags. We hope so.

CANADA, it is reported, plans to shoot two thousand bison this year, because her protected herd has grown so large that it runs the risk of starving on its range. Tanganyika Territory—née German East Africa—finds lions and leopards such a pest that it puts a bounty on their scalps, as we do on the skins of rats and other petty rodents. In the first half of this year rewards were paid for the destruction of 300 lions and 800 leopards—and in return the lions of one district killed 67 natives. From India we hear that snake-bites cost 20,000 human lives in a single year, while tigers killed 1,603, leopards 509, and crocodiles 255. A collector has just arrived in New York from Australia with 58 camels rounded up 800 miles from a railroad in the Australian desert, whither they had fled from civilization—all our present-day camels are the offspring of domesticated stock; except possibly in Siberia the wild camel became extinct in pre-scientific days. After all, despite the water-power companies and the missionaries and mandaters, there are still great open spaces, utter wilderness, in the world.

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# Monarchy, Communism—or Mere Starvation?

THE strangulation of the Ruhr and the Rhineland, which the editor of *The Nation* so vividly describes elsewhere in this issue, is one part of the process of decay which is going on in Germany. As rats desert a sinking ship the monarchist Bavarians are asserting their independence of Berlin and the more material-minded of the Rhinelanders are seeking a safe harbor in the shelter of the French franc, while the federal government itself is kicking Saxony in the hope of appeasing Bavaria.

If Poincaré desired the destruction of Germany he has his wish, perhaps more thoroughly than he expected; but if he desired reparations he must at last realize that the English were right when they warned him in terms of the nursery fable against killing the goose that laid the golden egg. There will be no more reparations for France—that is surer today than the future of the puny infant republic of the Rhineland, of the monarchist movement in Bavaria, or of the workingmen of Saxony. Frenchmen who think will hardly rejoice at the turn of events.

In Germany, too, there seems to have been a woeful absence of statesmanship. It is difficult to understand the state of mind of the Bavarians who talk of their German patriotism while they sabotage German unity, or of the Berlin officials who give the order to the Reichswehr to advance against the Saxon workingmen while the empire is crumbling about their ears. Yet in these crucial days Bavaria has not only continued to mobilize her own guards but has defied Berlin, refusing to recognize the right of the federal government to name the commander of the national army unit in Bavaria, and actually going so far as to kidnap a whole regiment and force it to swear a special allegiance to Bavaria. This is separatism with a vengeance. Saxony, fearing precisely such disloyalty as the Reichswehr has shown in Bavaria and knowing its record of reactionary control, some time ago established working-class defense units, and when the local army commander called upon the Saxon Government to dissolve these it refused, at the same time sending a flaming protest to Berlin. Berlin, however, only gave the Reichswehr commander authority to go ahead, and while Bavaria and the Rhineland are falling away from Germany we are treated to the spectacle of triumphant communiques issued by this general as he marches victoriously through the factory villages of Saxony.

There is between the present rulers of Saxony and Bavaria almost as wide a gulf as there was in the early years of the soviet revolution between Russia and the Western world. Bavaria is today ruled by men who trace the downfall of Germany to the revolution of 1918, and look to the restoration of monarchical dictatorship for any possible salvation. When they denounce "Marxism" and the "internationalists" of Berlin they mean to denounce mere democracy. They hate the republic, the Weimar constitution, the parliamentary governments which have had to recognize the fact that the Social Democracy was the largest single party in Germany. Ludendorff and his Fascist dummy, Hitler, and von Kahr, von Knilling, von Lossow, and Rupprecht of Wittelsbach, Crown Prince of Bavaria as they call him, may fight on internal Bavarian issues, but they agree in wanting a return to the pre-war kind of rule. It is one of the ironies of history that old Munich is today the center of Germany's grimmest reaction, while Frederick the Great's and Wilhelm's capital has become in its way a symbol of liberalism.

Industrial Saxony was called the Red Kingdom in the Kaiser's day. Since the war its Socialists have been unable to stomach, like their Berlin comrades, alliance with the Industrialists. The course of events has driven them into alliance with the Communists, and the mere existence of a Socialist-Communist Government, regardless of its activity or inactivity, seems to have excited the Munich superpatriots to frenzy. Presumably the willingness of the Berlin Government to send the Reichswehr into Saxony was in part due to a vain hope of placating the Bavarians. The insubordination of the Saxons has been far less than that of the Bavarians—it seems to have been confined to unwillingness to order dissolution of the proletarian self-defense organizations—but they are weaker, and they are suffering the fate of the weak in these post-war days. One of their cardinal offenses, in Bavarian eyes at least, was that their ministers predicted the failure of the passive-resistance campaign in advance of its abandonment, while every official voice in Germany, Bavaria included, was still proclaiming solidarity unto death.

What will be the outcome of this internecine strife? It is difficult to believe that the parliamentary leaders of the Social Democrats will long support a government which surrenders to the Bavarians while sending troops against poor Saxony. But if their ministers withdraw from the Cabinet, what then? They have voted Stresemann almost dictatorial powers. Presumably, even in the absence of a parliamentary majority, he—or those whom he represents—would continue to govern without them. The Socialists are not strong enough, even allied with the extreme Communists, to rule Germany against the Industrialists. Their weakness may be in part the fruit of past mistakes, but they are today, despite their numbers in the Reichstag, almost powerless. They have exhausted themselves in struggling against the Left. If a great civil war comes between Left and Right in Germany, the Communists will lead the forces of the Left. The decay of the middle parties, which has been noted by every intelligent observer throughout the period of French pressure upon Germany, seems to be reaching its climax. Monarchists and Communists face each other, alike ruthless and scornful of democratic principles. If it comes to a struggle the Communists will have numbers with them, but the monarchists will have the troops and the arms, and the rural food-producing sections.

It is still possible that the threat of the Rhenish republic will draw distracted Germany together. There have been so many steps to the French invasion, however, that it seems probable that the effect of this latest stage will be no more striking in Germany than it is likely to be upon the outside world. If the collapse comes we shall have another great people forced, as Austria was, to beg alms upon any terms from the victorious peoples who fought to make the world safe for democracy. It may then be that the League of Nations, which thus far has so carefully averted its gaze from the Ruhr, will feel called upon to act as it acted in Austria in the interest of the business life of the world. Before that happens some hundreds of thousands of German women and children will probably have starved to death.

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# Mr. Hughes Admits Everything

WHEN the attention of the Secretary of State was called by Washington correspondents to the editorial in last week's *Nation*, entitled Mr. Hughes Makes a Secret Alliance, he issued a statement which, as sent out by the United Press, follows:

The attention of the Department has been called to statements both in the advertising of the recently concluded loan to Salvador and in the press which created an erroneous impression regarding the relation of the United States Government to the loan.

It has been stated that a secret agreement has been made by the Department of State. This is a misleading statement as the agreement was negotiated between the Government of Salvador and the representatives of the bankers concerned. It is in no sense a treaty.

The Department of State has no relation to the matter except with respect to facilitating the arbitration and distribution of disputes that may arise between the parties, and the appointment of a collector of customs in case of default. It is manifestly to the interest of peace and justice that there should be an appropriate method of deciding such controversies as might arise, and at the specific request of the Government of Salvador and the interested bankers the Secretary of State has consented to use his good offices in referring such disputes to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, or if he is unable to act, to another member of the Federal judiciary for appropriate arbitrament.

Also, at the request of the Government of Salvador and the interested bankers, the Secretary of State consented to assist in the selection of a collector of customs, who, according to the loan contract, is to be appointed in the case of default. This was simply for the purpose of facilitating the choice of an entirely competent and disinterested person. The contract also provides that the collector of customs, if appointed, will communicate to the Department of State for its records such regulations relating to the customs administration as may be prescribed and also a monthly and annual report.

The Government of the United States has no relation to the loan except in these particulars.

We understand this statement was called a "denial." It would be a tribute to our accuracy if all our writing were denied in a similar fashion, for Mr. Hughes confirms all the important points which we made against him. He admits having agreed to refer disputes between Salvador and the Wall Street bankers who are making her a loan to the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, thus taking it upon himself to lay extra and unauthorized work upon an independent branch of the government. He admits making the American Government a further party to the loan through promising that the Secretary of State shall "assist in the selection of a collector of customs" in case of default by Salvador.

Mr. Hughes says that the agreement in regard to the loan "is in no sense a treaty." We have not said that it was; indeed we were at special pains to point out that the secret diplomacy with Salvador had eventuated in what are nowadays called "agreements," negotiated by the executive power alone, although their substance is more important than that which when classed as "treaties" requires the consent of the United States Senate.

These agreements, of which the highly important Lansing-Ishii agreement with Japan is an instance, have become notoriously frequent of late years, and an inquiry by Congress into their legitimacy would be timely. The same questions in regard to loans which Mr. Hughes has cavalierly disposed of alone were submitted to the Senate in the form of treaties in Mr. Root's days as Secretary of State and even in the golden age of Mr. Knox's "dollar diplomacy." The Dominican customs agreement did not take final shape until the Senate passed it, in somewhat amended form, in 1907. In 1911, again, when American bankers were considering a loan to Honduras, which would have involved the United States only to the point of approving the collector general of customs, President Taft sent the project to the Senate for ratification; and the Senate, as a matter of fact, *did not pass it*. In the same year a similar convention for a loan with Nicaragua was presented to the Senate; it also failed to go through in that form, although a loan was eventually made. Mr. Hughes could have found the detail of all this by taking down his red book "Foreign Relations of the United States" for 1912. Instead he negotiated without the consent of the Senate an arrangement with Salvador substantially the same as those proposed with Honduras and Nicaragua, and he threw in as an extra a promise of the services of our Federal judiciary to settle disputes.

Mr. Hughes's explanation of the part played by the Department of State in the Salvador loan differs in no essential from the fuller presentation given in the pages of *The Nation* except when he refers to our having given an "erroneous impression regarding the relation of the United States Government to the loan." Naturally we do not expect Mr. Hughes to put the same interpretation upon the facts as we do. If so, he would not have consented to the negotiations. But we beg to remind American citizens that all we maintain in regard to the danger of such arrangements as promoters of imperialistic aggression and foreign war is supported by the bankers who are floating the loan. These solid men of affairs, assaying at its business worth Mr. Hughes's promise of our Federal judiciary in settling disputes, say, to repeat our quotation of last week:

It is simply not thinkable that after a Federal judge has decided any question or dispute between the bondholders and the Salvador Government, that the United States Government should not take the necessary steps to sustain such decision. There is a precedent in a dispute between Costa Rica and Panama, in which a warship was sent to carry out the verdict of the arbitrators.

# Beer and Bigger Things

WHEN his beer is taken away from him—even by his own action or his own inadvertence—the American citizen knows how to raise a shout of protest calculated to make the high gods tremble on their thrones. But when his other freedoms and his wages and his goods are taken from him by the more devious processes of big business his voice is very small. And this is natural, for beer flows directly down the gullet and creates, they say, satisfying sensation on its way, and its absence seems to be marked by a direct and painful sense of loss. But a man's goods and chattels and even his rights as a citizen and his children's education may be taken from him in so indirect and piecemeal a fashion that he is none the wiser during the process. He will cry out, "My beer is gone; a curse on the blue-nosed blackguard that stole my beer!" But about his other goods he cannot shout, for he does not know what to say.

And so he goes on being robbed.

It is time, however, that he learned that the economic

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afflictions of life have causes that can be named and that these causes deserve some of the interest that he is spending so lavishly on his apparently more intimate woes. In three illuminating articles, the last of which appears in this issue of *The Nation*, Amos Pinchot has described the network of power and ownership that dominates the life of America today. Put briefly, his argument is this: A group of big-business men and financiers own the great railway systems of the country. This ownership gives them several sorts of power; they can charge freight rates that directly increase the prices of the things we buy, and they can distribute illegal transportation advantages to their own industrial concerns, thus unfairly driving out of business their competitors and developing their own concerns into great monopolies. These monopolies, free from the threat of competition, can fix prices where they want. More than this, they can dominate legislatures and universities and the cultural life of the people; and this domination, which everyone feels, can be traced directly back to the illegal favors that are sucked out of the railroads. A general impression has got abroad that rate discrimination and other transportation favors are a thing of the past. Mr. Pinchot cites the eminent testimony of industrial magnates and engineers to prove that transportation differentials are the common weapon of the trusts every day in the year and continue to be so. Various sorts of rebates are devised to elude the eye of the government; cars are refused to competitors or service made ruinously bad. The government will never be able to protect independent producers under a system of private ownership of the railroads.

The simplest logic in the world would seem to demand that we take the railroads away from the men who use them to dominate the country, and begin to acquire some control over the prices we pay and the sort of lives we lead.

We need not pretend that Utopia will be ushered in with government ownership; we need only admit that a vicious circle of control will be broken, and that many evils will automatically right themselves. We may expect lower rates and lower prices; equal treatment of all business concerns, resulting in real competition in steel and coal and oil and meat; lower prices. We may expect that monopolies will be broken up and that those institutions and men who pay tribute to monopoly will be freed.

The relative success of government and private ownership of railroads has been subjected to endless dispute and almost no experiment. Mr. Pinchot's consideration of the facts seems to us almost unanswerable, but it is worth suggesting to those who doubt the government's capacity to run anything efficiently that even inefficient railroading is vastly preferable, from a public point of view, to railroading that delivers the welfare of all of us into the greedy pockets of a few.

It is this robbery on the grand scale, intangible but complete, that the American citizen must come to think and talk and protest about. We doubt if government ownership of railroads will ever be the sole issue of a national campaign. Too many people will always worry about how to get beer or how to prevent people from getting it or how to keep out of Europe. But it must certainly be made a chief issue, and every labor and farmer group in the country must be made to realize that there will be no real prosperity —no prosperity which can be translated into food and clothes and leisure—and no real freedom while the railroads are in private hands.

# Pavlowa

AMERICA is the happy hunting-ground of dancers, and in many a revue on Broadway you can see dancing that takes from you, as fine dancing should, the inner sluggishness and inertia that tie you to the earth. A superficial observation may not at once yield up the secret of the difference between the best of these dancers and Anna Pavlowa. But the difference exists—a difference at once exquisitely fine and enormously important.

Pavlowa's art is pure; it is purged of all dross. It is beyond the impulse of display. It has divine ease, self-confidence; it has piety—*pietas*—toward its own spirit. It has not the lyric lift, the romantic magic of the dancing of the Duncan girls. It is quite serene, quite alien in spirit to any modern experiments. It is pure dancing, as Bach is pure music. It has nothing to say that is beyond itself; it expresses nothing but the loveliness and restrained rapture of rhythmic motion. In brief, it is classic.

It is all that despite the music, which is not natively or naively Russian but is Russian music trying skilfully but not convincingly to sound like Gluck and Mozart. More essentially right than this sounded a once famous and thrice-hackneyed waltz by good old Johann Strauss, because one felt there a last echo, at least, of the tradition in music to which Pavlowa's dancing is so closely akin. We do not quarrel with all this. But we cannot help imagining an evening of Pavlowa dancing, with all pantomime eliminated, to the music out of which her art has really come.

She clings to her tradition and mood in every respect, wearing almost always the classic garb of the ballerina with no concession either to modern eccentricity or modern nakedness. She is effortless, too, as the classics are, and floats—all other dancers leap, with whatever marvelous agility—toward the shoulder of M. Novikoff. It is in that floating that you can estimate her. She has transcended the heaviness of earth. The body has become the dance.

What she adds, what betrays her period and sensibilities in the end, is the eloquence of her hands. They are morbidly fine and flexile, never pantomimic in their motions yet never still. They are very speaking hands. But what they say is nothing that can be set down in words. Here, as elsewhere, she shuns the mimetic. But they communicate yearning and even such touches of strange passion as deny the inner stillness which one would otherwise suppose at the core of her art.

She dances "The Fairy Doll" without much participation in the pantomime or in the grave, quaint humor. She leaves the expression of these to her associates whose work shares this with her own, that, in its possible measure, it has the perfection which is peace. After "The Fairy Doll" comes "Dionysus," which is not of the modernized Greece of white placidity, but of the ruggeder Hellas of the severer gods—severe even in orgiastic moments, sad with the intent sadness of primordial aspiration, desire, ecstasy. After this the "Divertissements" seem a little trivial and a little shallow, and even the pleasant, quick, bird-like poetry of the Rubinstein "Valse Caprice" is in the nature of something faded and spent. What one remembers longest and most fruitfully is Pavlowa, the immemorial ballerina, poised as if for flight, poised yet still, giving that lovely and peaceful moment a touch of strangeness with the light eloquence of her incomparable hands.

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# The End of the German Empire

(*Special Radiogram to* The Nation)

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

*Essen, October 21*

THE great German Empire founded by Bismarck is collapsing. It has all but ceased to exist. Not only is it flouted, ignored, and rebuffed by Poincaré, who is seeking to destroy its authority in a hundred ways. Not only is there a Stinnes *imperium in imperio* compelled to negotiate separately with the French as if Berlin were not concerned. Not only are Bavaria and Saxony almost at war with the Reich. The Palatinate, the Rhineland, and the Ruhr are now lost to Germany, perhaps for fifty years.

The French political policy, so absolutely contrary to the Versailles Treaty, has triumphed. The dismemberment of Germany is at hand, and the Balkanization of Europe as well. What we are seeing mortal eyes have never witnessed in our industrial age. Stark naked military power has triumphed as never before in peace. France cares little now what Berlin does, whether Bavaria secedes, or if England be angry. She has cut the heart out of Germany, seized the left bank of the Rhine (which Wilson prevented at Paris), and has done it by theft, chicanery, brute force, expatriation. Her representatives gloat over their triumph, ignorant or unaware of the lessons of history or of the absurdity of the idea that such a monstrous human wrong could go unpunished.

They make no concealment of their purpose. Their official press representative at Düsseldorf was brutally frank on Friday, saying that France will give the Ruhr workers the absolute choice of working for them or starving; that they will work as, when, and how the French want, for fifteen years to come. He declared that what the German people might think or feel was of no consequence. The French wanted their money, proposed to get it, and would continue to deport everybody whose conduct or bearing they did not like. Asked why the Palatinate and Rhineland were so much more harassed and subjugated than when I was here last year he said it suited his country to govern that way. As for the German railroads seized during passive resistance, he declared that they would never go back to the Germans—at least, he added, for sixty years, being governed meanwhile by an international commission. Germany, he said, would never be able to utilize them for mobilization again.

No honest American could have listened to his utterly cynical, cold-blooded presentation of a plan to dismember a nation and despotically enslave millions of its citizens, and still pretend that our intervention in the war had had any other result than to transfer militarism from Berlin to Paris, and in a more dangerous form—for where that of Berlin was stupid and inevitably self-destroying that of Paris is diabolically clever. I am not basing this on the word of one official. For his one frank avowal of policy there are a thousand facts visible here on every hand. It is an even more startling fact that the French can carry their policy of ruthless subjugation through unless an internal or financial upset causes her to desist. The Ruhr labor leaders say nothing can prevent the German laboring men being driven into absolute despair by the deliberate French policy of delaying the resumption of work and the approach of vast unemployment. The endless exactions, harassments, extortions, thefts of the conquering soldiery are in complete contrast to the British at Cologne. The truth is that the French are ruling as Napoleon did. They have learned nothing. They believe that you can reduce and humiliate these people as if they were Cochin-Chinese.

I am writing with no love whatever for the German Industrialists. It is true that their means are now exhausted. They did receive large sums from Berlin during the period of passive resistance, putting it chiefly into plant betterments to occupy the workers and prevent the loss of that money by the lightning-like fall of the mark. Trustworthy bankers say that unless the French reverse their policy there will be absolute collapse within two weeks. The French reply that this is all humbug, and point to the rise in the values of Ruhr shares. They quote Otto Wolff as saying before their staffs are dismissed the Industrialists will shake large sums out of their sleeves.

Meanwhile plants are daily shutting down; unemployment is menacing; shooting down hungry men and women is a daily occurrence. The local officials are at their wits' ends. Sometimes, as at Düsseldorf, they are allowed no police to uphold order. Sometimes they are aided by the French troops in cities where there are many French women and children. Sometimes there is deliberate incitement of the Separatists, the Communists, and the unemployed. There is no sign how far the French mean to carry their vindictive policy. It looks as if they meant both to rule and ruin, destroying what they cannot use, compelling the complete yielding of every German birthright of freedom and manhood. There has been the utmost delay in reinstating the railroad workers, half of whom will be discharged and their places filled by French workers now here, resulting inevitably in inefficiency and further delay in the resumption of work in the Ruhr. The postal men in Essen were summoned yesterday to go to work and then after much talk were told that everything was off and were sent home. All officials of whatever rank not born in the Rhineland or the Ruhr have been permanently dismissed, also all the higher officials, and their places have been filled by carpet-baggers from France. The French are blocking the resumption of huge plants by refusing to return great amounts of completed products which were seized, and by preventing export of coal, iron, and steel. Every possible obstacle has been thrown in the way of resumption. If what is being done here were done by Italians or Turks to Greeks or Armenians the heavens would ring with the protests of the world. This week is absolutely critical. The French must show their hands or a general collapse will follow. It is impossible to believe this was planned by Germans or that Germans have large sums of foreign currency. German labor leaders say this is not true. All groups are too badly scared. Even Krupp and the small companies are printing their own money. A cup of coffee at Düsseldorf costs a billion marks.

The terrible fact for the Germans is that the passive battle need not have been lost, at least not so soon. The people here were eager to go on indefinitely. The gov-

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ernment lost the fight through inadequate preparation, by not planning for a two years' struggle, by throwing away resources, by waste and extravagance, careless and often corrupt management. Germans admit freely that that part of the passive battle was as big a disgrace as the other was honorable. The principle is unaffected by its defeat. What is happening is that between the upper millstone of incompetent political government at Berlin, beset by party squabbles playing politics, failing to put their own house in order and to convince the world of their honesty of purpose, and the lower millstone of French rapacity and utter ruthlessness the German people are being crushed and broken down until their only thought is how they can keep body and soul together with the dollar at twenty billions.

What form of government the French will give the stolen provinces is not clear. It is no longer necessary for them to promote a Rhenish republic, despite Aix. They expect the distracted, starving people voluntarily to ask their conquerors for anything that will enable them to live in peace without starvation and constant military despotism. Outright annexation will of course not be attempted.

We are witnessing hour by hour the fall of a great empire in a way to make inevitable a future war, filling Europe with hatred of an intensity never before dreamed. The French are unable to realize that their policies are certain to lead to their own ruin and to cause a coalition against her. Any temporary gain will be as nothing to the future ill-will of the whole world. No structure founded on such inhumanity, cruelty, and gross materialistic selfishness can endure any more than could Kaiserdom.

# Pinchot for President?

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

PINCHOT is what is called an "anti-machine" politician, but he is a politician, thank God, never forget it. He is not a butcher or baker or candlestick-maker who in his spare moments and with his left hand is willing to be good enough to steer the ship of state for a while. Albert Lasker, after a few months of Washington, remarked to this writer "This public life is a business too." It is.

Pinchot in office under Roosevelt and Taft gave his time to public affairs; and then, out of office, subsequently, he still gave his time to public affairs and to deep thought on how to get back into office. People say: "Does he want to be President?" To a political reporter that question seems about as sensible as if a diligent inquirer were to go to a young man in the Harvard freshman football squad and say to him: "Can it be—can it be—that the thought has crossed your mind that you would like to be captain?"

Of course Gifford Pinchot wants to be President. A distinguished rival of his for the next Republican presidential nomination said to this writer last spring: "I am going to sit in the presidential gambling game; and if I win, I win; and if I lose, I lose; and when it is all over, well, anyway, I shall have sat in a game for the biggest stakes in the world."

What is the use of pretending that the public man lives who if he has even one white chip of presidential gambling currency will not edge his way to the table of that game?

Pinchot has several chips—of several colors. Some he acquired while in office under Roosevelt and Taft and some he acquired while out of office by active deliberate cultivation of certain issues and certain electoral elements.

Quarreling with President Taft and thereby forfeiting office, and quarreling during the Great War with Food Administrator Hoover and thereby again departing from office, Pinchot proved indeed that the holding of office is not the total of his temperament or ambition. His temperament, his ambition, is to deal with public questions, but to deal with them his way.

He is a stubborn, wilful, conscientious, bigoted, charming, laughing, sweet-tempered, smooth-mannered, hard-mouthed, stiff-necked, intractable person, who is congenitally interested in problems of state and who wants to hold an office—any office—but the bigger the better—in which God and Pinchot can solve those problems as they should be solved.

Out of office, and seeking the electoral resources with which to return to office and to resume the hunting and killing of wrongs, Pinchot explored the territories occupied by the labor vote and the farmer vote. Defeated for the United States Senate by Penrose, he did what few ex-Rooseveltians were wise enough to do: he dug trenches extending from the general moral issues of the Progressive Party to the specific economic issues of the rising farmer-labor groups.

He made his big house in Washington the organizing center for groups of representatives of farmers. He and Mrs. Pinchot gave parties for farmers as dazzling as any parties they gave for diplomats. Their hearty and straightforward manners served them as well in the one case as in the other. Simultaneously he made his way deeper into the labor world and came to be personally better known to the leaders of labor at Washington and in Pennsylvania. When his anthracite coal conference met this year at Harrisburg it surprised the reporters from afar to observe that for at least one of the miners' conferees the Governor was just naturally "Gifford."

Farm support, labor support, plus the echoes of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" made Pinchot Governor of Pennsylvania. He ran on the platform of honesty and efficiency at Harrisburg and of dryness throughout the State, but his platform would never have carried him into the gubernatorial mansion if underneath it there had not marched the new quiet confidence felt in him by farmers and by trade unionists whose acquaintance he had sought and whose organized intentions he was known to have studied and known to be capable of understanding.

He is, in a sense, a farmer-labor governor. He goes against much of labor in being so dry. He enjoys being dry. Enforcing the Volstead law is with him a labor of love. He talks about it as his duty. Roosevelt used to talk about the duty of hunting wild animals for fear that otherwise they might overcrowd the earth; Pinchot hunts bootleggers for duty and pleasure both. If much of labor would rather be wet Pinchot nevertheless will always be dry, bone-dry, dust-dry; and the American Federation of Labor could make him President and then ask him for Heaven's sake to

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show one slender streak of humidity, it would not appear.

If people are going to make Gifford Pinchot President, they will have to take him, previously and subsequently, exactly as he is. He is sympathetic toward the toiler, whether on farm or in factory; he finds in the toiler an ally against his old enemies the capitalistic grabbers of the forests and ranges and mines and water-power of the public domain; he gives himself to public questions and will climb the ladder of public offices to the highest rung within his reach; he will spread his issues before the public with all the craft of the experienced manipulator of political publicity; he will denounce the political "machine" and create in some minds the illusion of his being a political amateur; he will all the time be an absolutely accomplished professional political player of the lone-hand type; and the sum of him personally and politically is a consistent sum. It is this: he is an inveterate public man whose technique of playing over the head of the "machine" to the "people" is just as competently and professionally managed as if he were playing directly to the "machine." Incurably a public man, he is also nevertheless incurably his own man; and in so far as he acquires political power in this country it will strictly technically resemble to the last line the political power now owned by Robert Marion La Follette. It will be an absolutely professional but absolutely personal possession.

# Israel Zangwill

By JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

WHO is this Israel Zangwill?

In the two little libraries to which I have access there is one—and only one—book, "The Melting Pot," by the man. The English "Who's Who" furnishes a list of some twenty volumes; novels, plays, essays, sketches, stories, and verse. On the shelves of these libraries stand the works of Spinoza and Heine and Brandes, some in the original, some in translation, and the catalogues disclose commentaries, textbooks, and chapters on them scattered here and there.

Who is this Israel Zangwill?

If you accosted the Jews of my town with this request for information, you would listen to biographical details, true and imaginary, to opinions of truly oriental eloquence and exaggeration, to dissertations on Zionism, assimilation, Ito, Uganda, and other catchwords. But if you inquired concerning the three sages whom the Gentile world justly considers the glory of modern Israel, not one in ten, possibly not one in a hundred would recognize the names. Nor would the percentage be much greater if the names were exclusively contemporary. Neither Bergson nor Schnitzler nor even a Yiddish writer like Sholom Asch is known by the rank and file of Jewry. Indeed, there is no one, be he statesman or scientist, philosopher or financier, artist or soldier or physician, who can vie with Zangwill for a place in the hearts of his people.

Who then is Israel Zangwill?

Zangwill, the average Jew will tell you, is a great English writer who by virtue of his position has been able to render invaluable service to the Jewish race. It is the famous novelist and playwright whose aid Theodore Herzl seeks when he wishes to present the idea of Zionism, whom the Jews of Warsaw consult on the advisability of voting for certain candidates to the Russian Duma, into whose office Joseph Fels enters "unannounced and unheralded" with an offer of a hundred thousand dollars, and at whose request the American Jewish Congress, the most important Jewish organization in the world, changes its designated place of meeting from Baltimore to New York. And finally, it is Zangwill, "the foremost Jewish literary figure of his time," to quote the New York *Evening Post*, who is asked by this organization to awaken the conscience of mankind and the consciousness of Jewry to the problems the Jews are facing.

Now the irony of the situation—so completely crystallized in the solitary copy of "The Melting Pot" at our provincial libraries—lies in the fact that Mr. Zangwill is invariably ignored by critics of English drama and fiction, even while they solemnly study the piddling of Pinero, the baroque of Barrie, and the raucous novels that betray the teething of our youngest generation.

Yet I venture to say that the Jew-in-the-street is right and the critics are wrong. Zangwill's political activities, though they threaten to absorb, cannot shut out the artist any more than those of Paderewski and Lamartine. He is first of all an author, then Messiah or Devil's Advocate or what you will. More than that, Zangwill's work as much as any man's—I do not refer here to foreigners like Joseph Conrad or Hilaire Belloc who have miraculously acquired an astounding command of the language, but to Thomas Hardy, John Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett—bears the unmistakable English stamp. England of the Ghetto? Yes. And of Essex too. The English of the King James's version? Yes. Also the *precieux* English of Oscar Wilde.

In fact, during those early days which might be called his pseudonymic period Zangwill as editor of *Ariel* and as the most successful practitioner of the "new humor" was even more responsible than his associate, Jerome K. Jerome, for the fantastic philosophy of topsy-turveydom that spiced English writing with the salt of sophistication so obviously lacking in the Victorian brew. The sketches that appeared as "The Bachelors' Club" and the "Old Maids' Club" carry on the tradition of Pistol and Pickwick. Yet at the time that "J. Freeman Bell" was writing these sketches, "Marshalik" was discussing with insight and detachment the position of the Jew, and satiric studies of Jewish life were appearing from the pen of "Baroness von S."

Luckily the Jewish Publication Society of America enabled Mr. Zangwill to achieve a synthesis of the humor, the wit, and the judgment—wit, said Locke, is chiefly conversant in tracing resemblances; the business of judgment is rather finding differences—displayed in these pieces by requesting him to write a novel of modern Jewish life. The result was "Children of the Ghetto."

Here he found his reputation and here lie the foundations of the critical fallacy. For "Children of the Ghetto" is not a Jewish book written in English but an English book about London Jews. It has more in common with a Wessex novel like "The Mayor of Casterbridge" than with a translated study of the New York Ghetto like "Uncle Moses." To be sure, when dealing with Jewish subjects Zangwill gives ample evidence that man unconsciously re-

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acts to the genius of his mother-tongue. The characteristic Jewish cadences, the sing-song, and the involved iteration of the Talmudic dialectics are reproduced in the beat of his prose just as truly as in this intentional imitation from "The King of Schnorrers":

> For what? For two things in the very least. . . . In the first place . . . compensation for not eating the salmon myself. For it is not as if I offered it you—I merely intrusted it to you, and it is ordained in Exodus that if a man shall deliver unto his neighbor an ass, or an ox, or a sheep, or any beast to keep, then for every matter of trespass, whether it be for ox, for ass, for sheep, for raiment, or for any manner of lost thing, the man shall receive double, and therefore you should pay me six guineas. And secondly . . .

But as the non-Jewish work has proved, Zangwill can change the very flow and inner rhythm of his writing to suit his subjects and scene. In "Jinny the Carrier" he boldly attempts—and succeeds—"to seize the essence of Essex."

I am not prepared to say that "Jinny the Carrier" is Zangwill's best novel but there can be no doubt that "Plaster Saints," the last "English" work to date, is his best play. Yet "Plaster Saints" is ignored and "The Melting Pot," his worst drama, is the piece that cemented his reputation. Verily the irony of inversion pursues him. "The Melting Pot" made a Zangwillian of every sentimentalist in America, from that apostle of romantic claptrap, Theodore Roosevelt, to so disillusioned a humanitarian as Jane Addams. This idealization of the United States as "God's Crucible" for the manufacture of the superman captured no one as much as himself, however, so that he who had opposed single-handed the "irreflective idealism" which made light of the difficulties of Zionism hymned hysterically the mirage of a Utopia.

Mr. Zangwill's last two plays, though they complete the trilogy begun by "The Melting Pot," are closer kin to "Plaster Saints." In one respect they differ from both. The scene is no longer laid in an existing land but in the imagined Voldania whose adventures as a militarist nation are told in "The Cockpit" and whose life under Communism is described in "The Forcing House," "ideal history which has not occurred literally, and yet is essentially a summary of historic realities." Otherwise, like "Plaster Saints," they are problem plays, broader in scope and better executed than most of this *genre*. These plays and "The War God," a *tour de force* in blank verse, make up the bulk of Mr. Zangwill's creative work since his last visit to America. The group would have been considered more respectfully a quarter of a century ago. During the Ibsen obsession a shock was "God's message to set what shocks you right" by writing a drama about it; today melodrama with a moral thesis is melodrama still.

But if these plays represent little growth in Zangwill the artist, they indicate most clearly the change in Zangwill the Jew. Fifteen years ago Mr. Zangwill's interest in the Jewish question was confined to the humanitarian desire to alleviate exiled Israel's tragedy and pain. As "The Melting Pot" showed, he favored assimilation as much as, if not more than, the establishment of an autonomous Jewish state, whether in Asia Minor or in Africa or in South America. Believing that the solution to the problem of the "Jewish trinity: patriot everywhere, Jew everywhere, anti-Semite everywhere," lay in the hands of the Jews, he addressed his prophetic fulminations solely to his own people.

Today all this is changed. As Blum declaims in "The War God":

> Had Christians handled us with Christliness,
> There would not be a single Jew in Europe.
> We should have melted in your love . . .

Such not being the case, Mr. Zangwill is disillusioned and militant. The world owes the Jew a hearing, he insists, and so Blum and Baron Gripstein are dragged into the alien plots of his plays, bearing out Mr. Lowenthal's contention that if a Jew were asked to write a treatise on the Great Auk, he would immediately publish a pamphlet entitled, "The Great Auk and the Jewish Problem."

In his volumes of essays, especially in "The Voice of Jerusalem," he sets down argumentatively what is illustrated in the dramas. Pitilessly, even quixotically, he analyzes the un-Christ-like conduct of the Christian peoples. And when he attacks the *chutzpah*, the "nerve," the iridescent impudence of assuming superiority to "the race that supplied Christendom and Islam with their religions, European art with its subjects, Western oratory with its phrases and images, socialism with its ideas, and America with its puritan foundations," his comparison of Jewish and Christian civilizations is not a paean to the "Rabbi-ridden folk" but a scathing condemnation of the latter.

Indeed, Mr. Zangwill, in general "a democrat with a profound mistrust of the people"—"the people's heart is sound, but its head is wood," says one character—is in particular contemptuous of contemporary Jewry, "clever as individuals, but as a people . . . rank below the Hottentots." "Mine is not in the racial sense *anima naturaliter Judaica*," he confesses. There lies the explanation of his humorless championship of Israel. He is interested in justice rather than in the Jew, and therefore he writes a running refutation of all taunts and libels the Jew is subject to, giving almost equal weight to each. He defends the Mosaic law from the attack of an anonymous contributor to the London *Times*, Samuel's prescription that Saul smite Amalek from the generalizations of Sir Charles Bruce, Shylock from Shakespeare, and so forth.

Now it is right and proper to have a Jew boldly challenge the anti-Semite. The question arises, however, whether Mr. Zangwill ought to devote his talents to pouring cold logic on the odorous embers of war propaganda. He who has seen the brilliant, limpid stream of Zangwill's creative genius turn murky through agitation can answer only in the negative.

Mr. Zangwill knows his Bible—none better—yet he does not profit by the lesson Elijah was taught at Mount Horeb; there are more then seven thousand in Israel who are equally jealous for the Lord and equally anxious to slay his enemies. But even were he left alone as champion of the Jewish people, his duty would lie elsewhere. That duty he owes to English letters. His contribution, though ignored, has already been generous and great. The struggle, the suffering, and the maturity which these last ten years have brought, have prepared him for greater achievement, an achievement in which we may see welded the peculiar genius of Englishman and Jew—the power and detachment of Shakespeare to express the wisdom of Solomon and the passion of Isaiah! To persist in his present course will but fit him to the epitaph he has written for another Jew, "That so much . . . time, which was not money but treasure for the race, should have been frittered away by the *res angusta domi* seems to me the real tragedy."

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## These United States—XLI*

# FLORIDA: The Desert and the Rose

By CLARA G. STILLMAN

A FLAT, sandy, sun-bathed plain sprinkled with a sparse monotony of pine, punctuated here and there with vague swamplands and thick, rich forests intricate with interlacings of hardwood, scrub, and vine, and jeweled with thousands of sparkling lakes, streams, and fountains —such is Florida, a paradise for invalids, sportsmen, and naturalists. To the east the far-flung coast line harbors still other waterways, great salt rivers and lakes formed by shallow sandbars and peninsulas lying parallel with the mainland. To the south stretches the vast region of the Everglades, eight thousand square miles of swamp and partly submerged prairie bristling with rapier-edged sawgrass eight feet high, a panoplied wilderness only recently penetrated by white men, through which Indians have traveled swiftly from time immemorial. The west coast, curving widely around the gulf, crumbles away at its southern end into the archipelago of the Ten Thousand Islands, a land of mystery, a labyrinth of woods, swamps, mud flats, beaches, bays, and fierce tidal rivers that has never been completely explored. Most of the southern shore, too, is a little-known wilderness. Florida preserves for us, though probably not for long, our last remnant of virgin soil.

No other State thrusts down into the Tropics. No other contains so many kinds of climate and soil, such an elongated and diversified coastline, such a widely distributed and easily tapped water supply, such varied luxuriance of native and naturalized vegetation. As a final unique gesture there are the Keys, that exotic flourish beyond the mainland's southern tip, of coral and limestone reefs and prickly island jungles, swept and sculptured into jagged grotesqueness by wild tropic tides, eternally being built up and dissolved away by wind and sea—remote repositories of curious and entrancing forms of life.

In 1513 came Ponce de Leon seeking the fabled island of Bimini, its fountain of youth and its mythical treasure far surpassing the known splendors of Mexico and Peru. Then for three hundred and fifty years the smiling region remained a wilderness, tossed from Spain to England, from England back to Spain, from Spain in part to France, finally from France and Spain to the United States. It became a territory distracted by Indian wars, then a State entering the Union only to secede a few months later, then a State once more, enfeebled by civil war and racked with war-born hatreds and maladjustments. In its history there has been little continuity or coherence. Of British and Spanish occupation hardly a trace persisted. During the Revolution the State was a base for loyalist plots. Seven thousand Tories fled there. The wilderness beyond the frontier became a refuge for fugitive slaves and other outlaws. To the more accessible regions there was a trickle of immigration from the North, from Alabama and Georgia, mainly a low grade of white squatter, but conditions were not such as to attract wealth or culture. Such germs of social life and refinement as existed at all were concentrated in the great cotton plantations and the few small towns in the north. Here were some magnificent homes and such wealth and fashion as the State could boast. The least-developed territory admitted to statehood, Florida was at the outbreak of the Civil War the poorest of the Southern States, with the fewest towns, plantations, and slaves. It had no social, political, or religious traditions such as went to the founding of Massachusetts, Maryland, Virginia, or South Carolina, and no homogeneous group of citizens bound by common ideals to develop it in any particular direction. Immigration for the culture of oranges and the taking up of land for homes began seriously about 1870. In the eighties were discovered the great potash fields of the southwest. And long before that St. Augustine and the St. Johns River had been centers of winter travel.

But it was in the nineties, with the beginning of the great railway systems, the East Coast of which Henry M. Flagler was the presiding genius, and the Atlantic Coast Line carried down to Tampa by Henry B. Plant, that Florida's history as a modern State actually began. As they pushed south the railroad companies built the huge, elaborate hotels so well known to all tourists, at least from the outside, which were to be the last word in comfort, elegance, and expense. Plant died before completing all that he had planned, but the Flagler system pushed on, passing beyond the last small pioneer settlements to tame wildernesses and plant palaces in lonely deserts and jungles. Palm Beach arose to snatch from St. Augustine its social eminence as the Winter Newport. By 1896 the railroad had reached Miami, dropped another hotel into the wilds, and proceeded on its way to perform one of the most appealing of modern engineering feats—the Overseas Route that joins Key West and the intervening keys to the mainland, snaring wild islands and binding turbulent seas with concrete and steel, and stopping finally only because there were no more keys to conquer.

Now began a period of sensational economic development. Tourists overran the State. East coast, west coast, and center sprouted resorts like mushrooms. A thousand and one agencies sprang up to cater to their needs. A huge floating population of invalids and pleasure-seekers that had to be housed, fed, clothed, doctored, nursed, entertained. A secondary throng of floaters arriving to help serve the first. A great stock-taking and overhauling of regional resources. A hectic competition of road-building and developing schemes. Great swamp areas drained and turned into fertile farm and fruit lands. The most ambitious of these projects, the draining of the Everglades, has been going on for some eighteen years, and is not yet completed. While tourists continued to be enthusiastically cultivated, settlers and investors were and still are a greater need. For in spite of the large volume of immigration from other States, there are still only 17.7 inhabitants to the square mile, and planned improvements are constantly outstripping taxes and bond issues. Hence an endless, vociferous campaign of real-estate enterprise, of building and boosting, of speculations and bonuses and invitations to free trips with luncheons and eloquence thrown in.

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Perhaps because of an inferiority complex due to her long history of frustration and her lack of traditions, Florida has suddenly discovered an unlimited pride and faith in herself, an enormous appetite for wealth and power. Her climate is unrivaled, her soil unsurpassed. She can produce three crops a year and some that can be grown nowhere else in the country. To her long list of products and manufactures—fish, sponges, cigars, lumber, turpentine, potash, tobacco, citrus fruits, peaches, pineapples, potatoes, tomatoes and other vegetables, sugar and forage grasses—items are constantly being added. For her growing commerce she is busily deepening harbors. Nothing less than everything that any other States has, with a few slight exceptions such as mountains and glaciers, and as many things as possible that other States have not is her economic ideal. A great world playground. But this is not enough. A great agricultural commonwealth unrivaled in the quantity, quality, and variety of its products. But this is not enough. A great focus of world trade with opulent cities strewn along its splendid coasts, cities that shall combine 100 per cent industrialism with 100 per cent American home atmosphere and 100 per cent opportunities for luxury and pleasure. If anything has been omitted let the reader supply it and be sure that Florida includes that too in her vision of greatness.

Material greatness, of course. For Florida, mixture of infant prodigy, spoiled prima donna, and *nouveau riche*, has the engaging and disheartening qualities of all three. Forced into adult ways beyond her years, what wonder that she frequently lapses into corners to play with dolls or make faces, what wonder that like the slattern beautiful only for company she decks herself gorgeously according to her lights, in her tourist centers and rich agricultural regions, with wastes of slovenly, burned-out, swamp-gutted rural destitution and decay between. Nothing can exceed the forlornness of some of her aspects, with windowless cabins and crazy lean-tos in the midst of a sandy waste containing a few stricken pines, anemically sharing a bog with weedy, undaunted razorbacks and discouraged cattle mournfully nosing among inhospitable cypress roots. Then there are Florida's beautiful schoolhouses—for her white children—which she has scattered about with a prodigal hand. Only the best is to be good enough for them. And naively to her the best is always something to be seen, touched, and financially rated. But school terms are short, teachers few and poor, and money for their salaries not always forthcoming. Here is the antithesis of the little red schoolhouse of New England tradition with its meager equipment dedicated to high purposes.

Nothing distinguished has yet emerged from Florida, whether in statesmanship, scholarship, letters, or arts, and whatever comes in the future will have to struggle through a pall of American provincialism, economic ruthlessness, and Protestant obscurantism. Florida took William Jennings Bryan to her bosom with the instant mutual recognition that they were made for each other. But Florida is a melting-pot of all the States. So what one finds there is after all not only typically Southern but a composite of small-town and rural Americanism with an infusion of pioneer crudeness and youthful bumptiousness. The States and sections of the country are, however, not equally represented. The Southern cracker type still rules in politics, which are narrowly local and unprogressive. Florida, after years of agitation, still retains the antiquated open range for cattle, still finds in abuse of the Negro the master key to political office, and would still be farming her county prisoners to the highest bidder had not recent sensational disclosures, made by another State, of the murderous brutalities practiced upon her unhappy convict slaves forced her only a few months ago to abolish the lash and sweep the leasing system out of existence.

There are in fact many Floridas within the boundaries of the State, and some of them know little of some of the others. There is, for instance, the proposed political division along geographical lines which frequently comes up for discussion. The northern part of the State was settled long before the rest, the center is but of yesterday, the south barely of today and partly of tomorrow. United only in their common jealousy of California, whose minutest blizzard, seismic tremor, or other liability or peccadillo are enthusiastically featured on every Florida newspaper's front page, these parts are jealous of each other. The north has the State capitol and all the public institutions. In 1885, when the present constitution was established, representation was according to population which was much denser in the northern counties, and no change in the ratio has since been made in spite of strenuous efforts of the southern counties to bring it about. In the last twenty-five years the increase in population in the southern half of the State and in its political and economic consciousness has been phenomenal. South Florida feels that it is different, unique indeed among all parts of the Union in climate, aspect, agricultural and structural possibilities. It is developing a regional self-consciousness and dreams of a regional culture. So one hears talk sometimes of a separation into two States—North and South Florida—and even into three—part of northwestern Florida to become part of Alabama so that Alabama may have a larger access to the sea and the north gulf coast a better representation.

The jealousies of Florida, however, exist not only between north and south but between east and west coast and individual resorts in the same or different regions. Miami and Jupiter "merely cling to the outer skirts of Palm Beach," a booklet informs us, which compares Palm Beach to Egypt, Venice, Honolulu, Algiers, Mandalay, Constantinople, Greece, and Mecca, "the Mecca of the pilgrim with his face turned toward Society, and perhaps praying equally as fervently as his Bedouin brother," a Mecca, moreover, to which one does not merely travel in a Pullman but makes "a journey of de luxe idealism." But tourist Florida is not all extravagance and fashion. It may be a small room with a kitchenette in which a Northern farm couple are passing a thrifty and comfortable winter. One sees them mainly in the center and on the west coast—for the east goes after bigger game—but actually they are everywhere, strong, ungainly, weather- and work-worn, or cadaverous and pale, sitting about on park benches, pitching horseshoes in shirt sleeves, or forcing huge fists to guide treacherous pens over the gay stationery provided by paternal boards of trade. They are from Vermont, New Hampshire, Iowa, Michigan, Kansas, from everywhere where farmers in winter sit by the stove behind the snowdrifts. They have found a better way to wait for planting time. "Like it? Wall, I guess I do. Four feet o' snow to hum," and they smile, crinkling little red eyes, sharing with you the picture and the subjective shiver in the rosy well-being of sun-warmed blood and appeased "rheumatics." Yes, they'd like fust rate to settle if they was twenty

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years younger. "But there 'tis. Ma 'n' me's too old to start fresh." Sometimes they do settle, fail wretchedly, and are fortunate if they can return to their frost-bound Northern haven. Sometimes with efficiency and luck they reap a golden harvest in spite of the real-estate man. For these and for the many others who need the sun Florida is all golden.

Then there is the naturalists' Florida, far different from that of the railroad folder and the realtor's snappy blurb, unimproved, unmanicured, devoid of sleekness and comfort, full of hardship, danger, adventure, and beauty, now being pushed ever farther south and fast disappearing. The stories of these men are hidden from the public gaze in the journals of museums and scientific societies. Only one that I know of, Charles Torrey Simpson, a veteran explorer of thirty years' standing, has emerged into the open with a delightful book, "In Lower Florida Wilds," which is at once a paean to the wild life he knows so well and a protest against its passing. Through its pages one may come to see in the vanishing tropic and semi-tropic forests, the rich, wild hammocks, Florida's unique treasure, whose like is not in any other State, and will soon be little more than a memory in this. His is a voice crying for the wilderness fast turning into tomato farms, pineapple fields, and cocoanut groves, and with him one learns to mourn the departing mangrove, most human of trees, whose primitive methods of land building are giving way before the concrete sea-wall, the dredge, and the suction pump; the flamingo, the roseate spoonbill, the gentle, colorful race of tree snails, and other wild things that die in the presence of civilized man.

Still another Florida, least known of any, through which most travelers and natives walk blindfolded or upon which they bestow the cursory attention and facile generalizations of the "car-window sociologist." This is the colored man's Florida which differs more from all the other Floridas than they do from each other. What does Florida mean to its Negro inhabitants? It is "the best of the bad States," one will tell you. On the whole it used to be better before there were so many people and so much competition. Of course this means some increase in economic opportunity, but also increased discrimination and bitterness. In Miami, the wonder city, pride of South Florida, where some of its citizens dream a new culture is to be born, we have this extraordinary situation, extraordinary even for the South: a curfew regulation. No Negro except those needed as night bell boys, porters, and the like by hotels, allowed out of the colored section of the city after 9 p.m. No Negroes permitted to act as public chauffeurs, or, in the winters at least, in any but unskilled jobs connected with building. In winter, when building is at a standstill in the North, northern workmen, "snow birds" or "white doves" in Negro parlance, flock south. Work must be found for the white doves, so out go the blackbirds. It is hardly within the power of any builder to retain his colored workmen, even if he wishes to. Pressure is too strong. In summer when pressure relaxes one may find Negro workmen again on the job, but the uncertainty and seasonal character of the work discourage them, as it is intended they shall. Miami is proud of its "solution" of the race problem. They "keep them down" and "You must hand it to the Southerners," remarks many an admiring Yankee, "they know how to treat the niggers." Odd this, for Miami is anywhere from 75 to 85 per cent Northern. What becomes, then, of the pleasant myth that the presence of so many Northerners in Florida has perceptibly lightened the Negro's lot? It continues to be a pleasant myth.

Miami is of course the extreme. As everywhere in the South the Negro's condition varies greatly in various sections. Places are "good" and "bad" from the Negro point of view, and it is not always easy to know why some should be one and some the other. Thus Miami is bad, Tampa is good. St. Augustine is good, Jacksonville less so. In the northwest there is a certain amount of peonage—white peons as well as black, caught in the net of tenant farming with all its attendant evils in remote rural districts where conditions are always at their worst. If the white schools throughout the State are poorly developed except architecturally, colored schools have not even architecture to boast of. Brick buildings are rare and matter for some pride. In all the State there is not a single standard colored high school. In all South Florida there is only one high school, so called, for colored children, the one at Tampa, which shares a somewhat down-at-heel brick building outside the city limits and its principal with a grammar school. The equipment for this school did not include chairs. The money for these was recently raised by colored citizens. They still have no desks for some classes. They have themselves put in electricity, so they can use the building for evening meetings. Chemistry is in the curriculum, but it has to be taught theoretically because there is no apparatus. School terms are everywhere shorter than those of the white schools, which are themselves in some cases shorter than they should be. There are several counties that have no colored schools at all. The Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College, the State College for Negroes at Tallahassee has a Carnegie library, and at Jacksonville there is a Negro reading room in the Public Library building containing some eight thousand volumes, which cannot grow because there is no budget for its expansion. This is the only public library provision for Negroes in the State.

The colored public school system is supplemented by several large educational institutions supported by denominational and individual contributions. These schools are the soil for a certain timid and delicate growth of optimism that is beginning to raise a somewhat paradoxical head among Florida Negroes. It consists of the feeling that although racial conditions are growing worse, they are also growing better. Violence and lesser forms of oppression have of late years increased, but there is also an increasing number of Negroes technically and intellectually equipped to improve the primitive social conditions under which most of the race lives. There is the rising financial status and the growing spirit of racial responsibility and self-help, so much needed, which is fostered by these schools. If increased education and prosperity sometimes bring with them an increase of persecution, this is to be faced and overcome with still further progress.

Taking it all in all, Florida is physically and spiritually both the desert and the rose, and, strangely, when it appears to be one it often turns out to be the other. Its gray sands and malarial swamps are potential treasure houses of fertility and health; its bustling surface life, its expansive self-satisfaction hide a profound mental and spiritual sterility. There is no reason why we should expect it to be different from other States. Fine climates do not necessarily make fine peoples, and the best States in the world, like the most beautiful woman of the French proverb, can give only what they have.

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# Railroads and the Mechanics of Social Power

By AMOS PINCHOT

## III. The Pools of Power

*(This is the last of three articles which explain how the control of transportation by a unified group has resulted in its domination of the politics and culture of America.)*

POWER is the chief desire of men. From the earliest times, it has been their principal preoccupation. It is strange, therefore, that, in a world whose history has been the story of a continuous race between individuals, classes, and nations for the possession of power, we should take so little pains to inquire into its nature.

In the last thirty years we have watched the balance of power gradually shift from the hands of the public into those of an industro-financial hierarchy composed of a few hundred persons, representing our trusts, railroads, banks, and insurance companies. And, while these persons are neither better nor worse, nor more intelligent or stupid than the rest of us, they are, nevertheless, for the most part, narrow men, mainly specialists in money making, and actuated by a rather unreflecting instinct of acquisition. For this reason, we cannot accept their control of the country as either inevitable or beneficial. To change this control, to relocate power, is the paramount problem of the people of the United States.

In the last two articles we have seen that, despite much propaganda to the contrary, we are justified in expecting that the railroads will be better run under the government than they have been in private hands. We have also seen that there is another and more vital line of argument for government ownership; to wit, that private railroading provides our industro-financial inner group with a powerful weapon which it uses effectively in destroying competition and putting the major basic industries on a monopoly basis, with the result that the consumer is robbed, the opportunity of independent capital curtailed, Sumner's "equal chance" wiped out in the larger industrial fields, and vast reserves of wealth, well in excess of what is necessary to conduct business and pay generous dividends, are concentrated in the hands of a very few people. In this article I will outline how this concentrated wealth, which is but another name for concentrated power, shapes education, public opinion, and politics, and through them controls conditions and events.

As things stand now, it seems almost a sheer waste of time for liberals to go on fighting for the various superficial reforms which seem to occupy their attention. With the dominant power in the hands of the industro-financial interests, nothing goes through without these interests' consent. If, by a lucky chance, the liberals succeed in putting a progressive measure on the statute books, it is usually reversed, or turned against them, as was the recall, for instance. If they elect a candidate to Congress, he is generally defeated at the next election. Should he be returned, he finds himself pocketed in a group of vociferous but powerless protesters. Some time, somehow, the liberals of America must unite their forces, now engaged in a hundred separate little wars against the effects and abuses of concentrated power, and make a concerted attack upon the power itself. If they do not, they may as well acknowledge the defeat, not only of liberalism, but of democratic government as well.

How and by what power the United States is today controlled may be shown by a few commonplace examples from the writer's experience—examples which any person who has looked behind the scenes of politics and business can easily duplicate.

During the war, I presented to a member of the legislative branch of the government a brief outlining a plan for raising revenue, modeled on that then in use in England. I was courteously received, and the legislator expressed the belief, first, that the plan had merit and would actually raise revenue; and, second, that there seemed no reason to fear it would work less well here than abroad. Later in the day I learned from reliable sources, one of them the legislator's close associate, that, though the legislator approved the plan, he could not present it to the appropriate committee owing to the absence of a man, not in public office but a friend of the legislator's, who had gone to California for a six weeks' trip. This friend headed an industrial monopoly that controlled the principal newspapers and the political machine in the legislator's State, and through them every nomination of importance; and the legislator felt that to approve, without his friend's consent, such a measure might jeopardize his chances of renomination.

As his colleague pointed out, the legislator was not a young man. He had been scrupulously honest in money matters and, after years of public service, found himself still dependent on a slender salary. No doubt, he would have preferred to tell the gentleman in California to go to the devil; but he was not in a position to raise the flag of revolt. On the whole, it would be unjust to criticize him. He was at once the beneficiary and the victim of a profitable monopoly that made more money than it needed to do business, and used a modest part of its surplus in purchases at strategic points. Besides, he could truthfully say that rebellion would be useless, since it would merely mean that the trust would nominate another legislator who might well prove less honest and public spirited than himself.

There are certainly not over a handful of senators at Washington who have not taken the proverbial King's shilling and been inducted into service in a manner similar to the foregoing. And you may generally measure the extent of their unfreedom by the eagerness with which they espouse unimportant reforms that at once satisfy their altruistic impulses and commit them to no action unwelcome to the interests they serve.

Not long ago a professor in good standing wrote me that in his university, one of the larger ones, no one could teach up-to-date economics, i.e., economics dealing with existing conditions, and feel comfortable in his chair. To be sure, he could instruct his students on the more classic aspects of economics, the theory of rent, the Ricardian acre, and the relation of gold production to prices. But, when it came to such subjects as the relation of railroads to monopoly, and the nature of the foundations of economic and political power, one ran into an area protected by an invisible but appreciable taboo. No professor, he said, would expect to be removed, whatever he might teach. Indeed, it was improbable that the trustees would quiz him on the content of

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his lectures. But a building, practical and very pleasing to the eye, had recently been erected by a family whose money came from a monopoly supported by illegal transportation differentials; and the trustees were not without hope of a similar building on another part of the campus. Under these circumstances, it would be in questionable taste for a professor to discuss the origins of the fund from which his college had profited, and might profit again.

A not unstriking instance of the power of surplus wealth, flowing from private railroading and monopoly, is found in the story of the Progressive Party. It will be remembered by some who were at Chicago in 1912 that Colonel Roosevelt did not decide to leave the Republican fold until two men rose from the conference table and, each putting a hand on his shoulder, said: "Colonel, we will see it through." One of these men was a director and ex-chairman of the finance committee of the Steel Corporation; the other, a large investor in steel securities and for years an editorial supporter of the trust.

These two men did see the party through, financially and otherwise. Incidentally, one of them, before printing and distributing its platform, cut out the anti-monopoly clauses framed by the resolutions committee and adopted by the party's convention. Likewise, as chairman of the executive committee, he carried on, through a deluge of pamphlets and a campaign newspaper, a nationwide propaganda defending the trusts, which was brought to a halt only after an acrimonious controversy focused in the *Outlook* office. It was he who, in 1916, when the Progressives gathered for their last stand, brought the message from Oyster Bay in which Mr. Roosevelt declined to accept the nomination, but requested that Senator Lodge of Massachusetts be nominated in his place. This virtually finished the Progressive Party, though life flickered in it for a time.

It would be absurd to blame Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Perkins or Mr. Munsey for such episodes. Mr. Roosevelt was essentially an administrator. He cared nothing about economics; they bored him inexpressibly. Accordingly, he took his views from advisers, and soon became convinced that any one who objected to monopolies, that is good monopolies, was trying to reduce the steel industry to the blacksmith shop and the railroad to the stage coach. Mr. Roosevelt did not realize that monopoly raises prices, thus reducing the demand for things and lowering the volume of production; while competition has precisely the opposite effect. Nor did he ever pause long enough to note that huge money accumulations are rarely created except through monopoly; or that, when some genius like Ford makes his millions in open competition, they do not constitute a menacing power; first, because they are scattered when the genius that creates them dies, whereas the wealth concentrations of monopoly go on forever; second, because, since Ford's profits are due to ability and not, as in the case of the trusts, to illegal privileges, he does not have to join with others in order to control public opinion, education, and government for purposes of self-protection. Mr. Perkins, of course, was a still stronger believer in monopoly and so was Mr. Munsey; and it was the most natural thing in the world that, when these two men saw a new party in the offing, led by a powerful personality, they should seek to guide it into what seemed to them useful channels.

Some years ago the editor of the then largest monthly magazine asked me to write an article on government ownership. I agreed and, after a few months, the article was finished and turned in. The editors were kind enough to express their satisfaction and went so far as to say that it was the most important economic article their magazine had printed. The article was set up and the magazine went to press, when a message arrived from the owner advising the editor that the article must not appear, no matter what it cost to break the plates. Immediately, the editor telephoned me, explaining that, though he would be glad to pay for it, he could not use my article, which dealt, among other things, with the relation between private railroading and the steel monopoly. The editor explained that the owner's father had been a close friend of Mr. Morgan, Sr. The owner himself was heavily interested in various monopolies.

If these examples have interest, it is because they tend to shed light on one of the more usual methods by which an industro-financial hierarchy exerts control in a nominally democratic state. In America, we have, of course, no such thing as tyranny in the sense of an individual, a group or class forcing the government to do things that the people do not want done. Yet the hierarchy's power is none the less compelling. With its accumulated wealth, it takes charge of the agencies that form public opinion, and with public opinion properly manipulated, it dictates the action of the various agencies of government, thus accomplishing an undemocratic end through a seemingly democratic procedure. And this process of control is generally so uniform and fixed in its progressions, that it might almost be stated as a formula as follows: Private railroading, through unfair or illegal discrimination, creates monopoly. Monopoly, through destruction of competition and control of prices, produces concentration of wealth or power in the hands of a small minority. And the minority, following a natural instinct of self-preservation, uses this power to protect the sources from which its wealth and ascendancy have sprung. Here we have a vicious circle that can only be broken into when the public understands its elements. And this brings us to the hardest part of the problem.

It must not be expected that government ownership of railroads will bring in the millennium. It will do nothing of the sort; there are other kinds of privilege besides transportation differentials. Nor alone will government ownership destroy plutocracy and restore democratic control in the United States. Yet, it should effect a long step in advance. For let us realize the following point very clearly: When government ownership comes, it will only be (a) after the public has seen the far-reaching reasons for it, such, for instance, as I have tried to outline in these articles, and (b) after it has elected a congressional majority that is of the public's mind.

Now, what sort of men will a successful campaign for government ownership bring into office? Obviously, not the proteges of the interests that flood Congress now; obviously, not the representatives of the railroads, trusts, banks, and insurance companies. On the contrary, they will consist of a quite different type, of more thoughtful and truly patriotic men, who have seen the defeat of democracy involved in industro-financial sovereignty; and who, understanding the mechanism by which this sovereignty establishes and perpetuates itself, have decided that the time is ripe for a direct attack upon it. With a Congress of this kind, liberal ideas will have a fair hearing; progress will no longer find itself eternally fighting against crushing odds. And above all, the public will be spared the humiliating sight of two historic parties going, hat in hand, to

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Wall Street to report, gather funds, and take orders.

But how is the government-ownership issue to be brought to the public? There seems but one practicable way: by getting men who understand the question to run for office, with government ownership as the one outstanding issue. The press, as we know, will not ordinarily carry articles on government ownership. Aside from the Hearst papers, there has been no powerful newspaper organization that has, so far, had the courage to come out uncompromisingly on the people's side of the railroad question. But the speeches of important candidates, running for Congress or higher office, in such hard-fought campaigns as government ownership will precipitate, fall into a quite different category from mere articles. They are current news and, whatever the paper's economic background, it has to publish them. The political campaign thus remains as an avenue of publicity. It is a sufficient avenue, provided men of ability can be found, who will stake their future on a real fighting issue.

In a national campaign for government ownership, only one issue should be put before the public—the acquisition of the railroads by the government. Experience has shown that the attention of a nation of a hundred millions cannot be concentrated on more than a single political idea at a time. The method of acquiring the roads, whether by purchase or exchanging private securities for government securities netting approximately the same return, should be left to the future. The method of managing the roads after they are acquired should be left to Congress. But one single line of argument should be followed at every political meeting in every State: the government should do nothing that private enterprise can do as well. This principle is at the foundation of America's vigorous individualistic life. Nevertheless, the government should take over the railroads, for the very reason that private railroading is destroying individualism in industry and building on its ruins a monopoly system that robs the consuming public, concentrates power in the hands of a few people, and controls, not wisely, this nation.

# In the Driftway

PRIVACY has always seemed to the Drifter one of the seven jewels in the crown of wisdom, and at the moment he cannot think what the other six are. He has spent the better portion of his life declining with as much grace as possible invitations to gatherings of more than two persons besides himself. He has become thoroughly hardened in the matter of teas; he issued a blanket refusal of all such invitations seventeen years ago and the refusal still stands. Yet his job compels him to see people on occasion; and the exigencies of impecuniosity demand it even more frequently. Privacy costs money; crowded tenements are not inhabited by the rich, and Coney Island on a warm Sunday is more populous than Deauville.

* * * * *

FOR a good many years the Drifter had been convinced that no one, indeed, was rich enough to buy solitude. Even Mr. John D. Rockefeller, he thought, would have been hard put to it to purchase this pearl beyond price. But Mr. John D. Rockefeller's daughter has made a gesture in that direction which commands only the warmest admiration. When Mrs. McCormick built a brick wall and a wire fence around her estate on Lake Michigan the Drifter murmured "Bravo!" When she recently offered to pay $200,000 to make a new public highway a mile from the edge of her property because she could not bear to have the rabble passing so near her house—which is a mile from the present road—he turned slightly green with envy and gave up eating entirely because he could not cook his own meals well enough to justify dining by himself. But when he read that Mrs. McCormick had not stayed overnight in her house for nine years he threw up his hands in despair! There was evidently no mortal use in competing with such a princely outlay of funds and principle. To live in a house and wish to keep out crowds is one thing; but not to live in it, and still to be unable to endure the thought of crowds coming within a mile of it, is so far beyond any of the Drifter's aspiration that he has given up the contest.

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ACCORDINGLY, he wishes to announce that hereafter he will be available for dinner three times a week and for tea every other day. When he is not dining out he will be willing to attend public lectures, concerts, and even —three times a month—a debate. Tickets for football games, wrestling contests, chess tournaments, horse races, performances of trained seals and diving Venuses will be received with pleasure and positively used in every case. If the Knights of Columbus give an amateur rendering of "Seven Keys to Baldpate" the Drifter will be found in the front row; if the Ku Klux Klan stages a rally in Madison Square Garden the Drifter will not be among the eleven New Yorkers who will not attend. No, nothing will be refused henceforth—and yet—nothing? No! He will not, he positively will not, even at the risk of staying home entirely alone, attend the recital of a child pianist at Carnegie Hall.

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## Why the Negro Emigrates

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have found your journal so impartial in the discussion of all questions appearing in its columns that I am impelled to ask you to permit me to discuss the exodus of the Negro from the South to the North, from a Negro's point of view. Many prominent Negroes, and most Southern white men, are meeting in inter-racial confabs trying to work out a plan to stop the Negroes from leaving the South, and to keep them tied to the cotton fields at seventy-five cents a day, and to the lumber camps at a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a day, but in spite of these meetings, and the many tears being shed by their leaders and their good white friends, the Negroes are leaving by the thousands. The real friends of the Negro, who have no personal ax to grind, are glad to see him use his own judgment in trying to better the condition of himself and his family.

He has struggled heroically in this section ever since his emancipation to make himself a man and a citizen, but today his chances for a fair deal are worse than at any other period of his history since the Civil War. What is the cause of these conditions? Nothing but prejudice and race hatred. He accumulates property to have it burned when his white friends become offended with him, or to have to leave it when they find they cannot beat him out of it.

We have watched the growth of prejudice, and the growing tendency to oppress the Negro and rob him of every privilege for years, but the wave of hatred well-nigh reached its climax at the end of the World War when our Southern friends had to

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see Negroes in the uniform of our country. The Negro became so contemptible in the eyes of the South that many hitherto good white citizens were afraid to be seen in friendly conversation with a Negro.

These are a few of the things that are causing the Negro to leave the South. He has learned that there are places where he can get decent wages for his labor; where his dollar is worth a hundred cents the same as anyone else's dollar; where, notwithstanding race prejudice, he has the right to vote and take a part in the government under which he lives; where he has some consideration before the courts, and is not convicted and then leased to some big corporation to swell the revenue of the State; where he does not see in each morning's paper in scarecrow headlines some crime committed by a "nigger," a "black," or a "Negress." The principal cause of the exodus is the Negro's determination to give the little black boys and girls a chance to prepare themselves for life's battles. The schools in this section would not educate a Negro child in a hundred years. If you leave the cities you will find the schools for Negro children running three to five months, with absolutely no equipment. I began a three months' term in a school where there are supposed to be approximately two hundred pupils, last week. The county superintendent told me that these people have not had a school before in four years and now he is giving them a three months' term. I asked for equipment for the school and he gave me a register. I asked for a blackboard and a few desks, and he refused to give anything.

We accepted the principalship of the school at a country site where the white citizens have a nice brick school building, and are preparing to erect a high-school building. The Negro school burned four years ago, the Board of Education collected the insurance, and have been using it to run the white schools ever since. I succeeded in raising two thousand dollars to build a Negro school; we have the promise of fifteen hundred dollars from the Rosenwald Fund, and have been trying to get the Board of Education to put in two thousand dollars and build the school for six months, but thus far they have not done anything. This is not an isolated case. Free education for Negroes is a thing of the past in this section. Negroes are heavy taxpayers in this country, but they get no consideration. These are the things that are driving the Negroes out of the South.

*Monticello, Florida, September 18* C. F. CALL

## An American Sailor Speaks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am an American sailor traveling through Europe, looking for an American freighter to bring me back.

I happened to be in Rome the day that the funeral of the Italian officers assassinated in Janina took place. I cannot describe the splendor of it: there were dukes and princes and all kinds of nobles; a wonderful display of gold and decorations and all the magnificence of the military order. The best orators of the country eulogized the dead officers. They died for duty, martyrs to the cause of civilization; the whole world took notice of it and grieved for such a great loss, for a general was killed!

Now, gentlemen, just about a week before the great funeral in Rome, another took place in the Island of Corfu. There were over twenty coffins. No princes or dukes to follow them; no guns to give them the last salute; no one to take care of the bereaved families. Very little did the outside world hear about it. No one took their case before the League of Nations, for they were merely human beings. I am referring to the victims of the Italian bombardment. Tomorrow there will be statues in Rome proclaiming to the world that those officers died while serving civilization and liberty. But who will care enough to put a wooden cross on the grave of those poor refugees? I doubt if any will, for they wore no gold on their shoulders nor crown upon their caps.

*Piraeus, Greece, September 28* J. DENNIS DRAKE

## That "American Dinner"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your "Drifter" may have drifted through New England, but obviously he drifted through the hotels. We don't eat hot bread at dinner. At supper—yes; and not even the South can match our johnny-cake, but we do not eat baking-powder biscuit at dinner.

*Burlington, Vermont, October 25* JONATHAN LEE

## Justice to Chicago

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Does the estimate of the character and significance of Chicago, embodied in the article on Illinois in *The Nation* for August 22, meet the elementary obligations of fairness and propriety? It rigidly suppresses recognition of every thing which to the intellectual and large-minded Chicagoan is a source of just pride; and grotesquely magnifies the relative place of every area of barbarism and materialism. There is not even mention of the University of Chicago nor of Northwestern University; nor of the generously endowed Newberry and Crerar libraries, the great Public Library, and the magnificent University Library which combine to make Chicago one of the great library centers of the country. The existence is ignored of any other newspaper than the *Tribune*, not even the *News*, whose book-review pages hold a foremost place among the literary sections of American newspapers. The *Christian Century* of Chicago is our ablest religious journal. Robert Collyer, David Swing, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and Frank Gunsaulus were among the great voices of the American pulpit. The miraculous White City, a revelation of intelligent public spirit and beauty on the grand scale, unexampled in America, belongs to 1893, only 30 years ago, but is not remembered. The wonderful Art Institute—for it is wonderful considering its youth—with its great art school is only the most conspicuous expression of Chicago's care for beauty. The St. Gaudens's Lincoln in Lincoln Park is the finest portrait statue in America.

The wonderful Chicago park system is rapidly encircling the entire city, but no one learns it from this article; nor does one learn how the dismal, old railroad stations are being supplanted by spacious modern terminals of commanding beauty and convenience; nor of the ambitious plans of Mr. Burnham and his associates, the most ambitious yet broached among American municipalities for the complete reconstruction of the city plan. The continuous support of grand opera, impossible in Boston and Philadelphia, is mentioned only with derogation. There is no notice of the great work of Jane Addams and Hull House, the most important and influential of all American social settlements, honored the world over; and so of a score of noble works to which a lover of humanity does not like to be compelled to refer. I am not a Chicagoan with wounded local patriotism. I am an American who loves fair play.

*Boston, September 25* LUCIA AMES MEAD

## The Kuzbas Indictments

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to correct a possible misunderstanding of your paragraph in *The Nation* for October 10 dealing with the prosecution of the Kuzbas Organization Committee. You state that all but two of the series of indictments have been dismissed. There were five indictments issued against each of the committee originally. All of these indictments against each individual have been dismissed, except in the case of P. Pascal Cosgrove. In his case the judge dismissed three cases and declined to dismiss two cases. As you say, we will be fortunate if we are able to bring the case of Mr. Cosgrove to trial.

*New York, October 11* THOMAS BARKER,
For the Autonomous Industrial Colony Kuzbas

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# Books

## Understanding Mexico

*The Social Revolution in Mexico.* By Edward Alsworth Ross. The Century Company. $1.75.

*President Obregon—A World Reformer.* By E. J. Dillon. Small, Maynard and Company. $3.

*The Mexican Nation—A History.* By Herbert Ingram Priestley. The Macmillan Company. $4.

A SCORE of books about Mexico have been published in the United States since the fall of Porfirio Diaz. Mr. Ross's is the first to give a fair idea of the nature of the social changes that are transforming our southern neighbor. For one thing he chose the earliest opportunity to make such an estimate. He visited Mexico in the summer of 1922, two years after the accession to the interim presidency of Adolfo de la Huerta, when the revolution was showing some fulfilment. Mr. Ross rightly forestalls too searching criticism by confessing the limitations of his book: he spent just eleven weeks in Mexico, but was prepared by reading, by previous travel in South America, and by his experience as a sociologist and investigator. A remarkably graphic and faithful painting of the Mexican scene and its people is followed by chapters on politics, agrarian reform, the labor movement, the church, and education. The chapters on labor and land touch the quick of these essential elements in the Mexican revolution, penetrating the fog-banks of misconception and misrepresentation. "Small-bore business men," he comments, "shriek that the Mexican labor movement is led by puppets on wires pulled by Moscow. The truth is that it is well-nigh as indigenous as the cactus or the maguey. It responds not to foreign impulsions but to the situations and needs of the Mexican working class." And the land distribution he rightly calls "one of the biggest economic reforms of our time. . . . When . . . completed, it will take rank as one of the giant agrarian adjustments of history." As far as it goes his diagnosis of the "sickness of Mexico" is shrewd and discriminating. To those "who cackle 'bolshevism' " he retorts, "what confronts us in Mexico is not dictatorship of the proletariat but our old disreputable friend Democracy."

The other chapters are less illuminating. Inevitably in so short a visit Mr. Ross had to depend on hearsay and second-hand information. And nowhere are there more undercurrents and cross-drifts than in Mexican politics. The chapter on the church would be strengthened by specific instances from the conflict between the clericals and the government. The weakest essay in the book is that on education. The entirely explainable shortcomings of the present administration in this field loom to Mr. Ross out of proportion to its very considerable accomplishments. Had he visited the country a year later he might have written differently. As it is, not only this chapter but the book misses the spiritual renaissance, the artistic revival, and the cultural reemergence which center about the extensive educational campaign of José Vasconcelos and the intensive labor in anthropology and education of Manuel Gamio.

It is in this respect and its implications that Mr. Ross's book is inadequate. To compensate for the brevity of his sojourn he had to fill in the picture around a series of preconceptions. The essence of the new Mexico cannot be wholly extracted thus. Mr. Ross's subjectivity based on a vast experience in social phenomena apparently led him to miss those currents for which there is relatively little parallel or analogy today. Starting with a conviction of a proved racial inferiority as measured by a few American-made intelligence tests he forms his judgments in the terms and coinage of our own civilization. Nothing, he says, would so quickly clear away some of the country's false valuations and ideals "as a large immigration of bona-fide American farmers." Doubtless. And it is current among many Americans in Mexico that what the country needs is "to be dipped in the sea for half an hour," and among Spaniards that "Mexico's one misfortune is that Cortez didn't exterminate the natives the way you people did your Indians." And elsewhere Mr. Ross asserts: "Since Mexico is an undeveloped country in need of a continuous inflow of foreign capital, the flirting with policies which alarm foreign capitalists is economically suicidal." But is it? The quintessence of non-alarm for foreign capitalists was achieved by the Diaz Government. A regime which satisfies them 100 per cent will certainly be spiritually suicidal for the Mexican people and not economically beneficial in the long run.

Yet despite its sketchiness, a few minor errors of fact, and an occasional contradiction Mr. Ross's treatise is to date the best book on present-day Mexico in our language.

The central figure in Mexican reconstruction is Alvaro Obregon. Mr. Dillon's book is a biography which gives an unqualifi dly sympathetic and uncritical estimate of the rise of this patriot, into which is necessarily woven not a little that is new and interesting to Americans about the tragic nine years' struggle from which his country is beginning to emerge. "President Obregon—A World Reformer" concludes with some chapters on American imperialism which make the book in form somewhat of a repetition of the writer's previously published "Mexico on the Verge." These chapters are accurate. They are related to Mexico's problems, and the reiteration of these much-concealed facts is a service to the United States, where less is known about them than anywhere else on earth. Nevertheless one cannot help wishing that Mr. Dillon's past writings had given some evidence of opposition to his own country's imperialism. The discriminating note which made "The Inside of the Peace Conference" so helpful in following European events of its time is lacking in his latest evaluation of progress south of the Rio Grande. This is a pity. His half-century's study of world affairs coupled with his intimate acquaintance with Mexico would make his views if expressed without inhibition most valuable to the understanding of present-day Mexico.

For real understanding historical perspective is essential—more so in the case of Mexico than of almost any other country. Mr. Priestley's scholarly "The Mexican Nation—A History," the product of profound research, gives us the clearest record yet published in this country. Its judgments are carefully arrived at and the disparate views of other historians impartially weighed. The history is essentially political. The reigns and accomplishments of each of the threescore Spanish viceroys are detailed as are those of the various presidents, some of whose terms lasted but a few days or hours. The relatively slighter emphasis on social developments becomes more noticeable in the chronicling of the last half century. Especially, in view of Mexico's recent chaos, would more light on the factors that overthrew the Diaz regime seem desirable. As it is, one gathers that Diaz's fall was due to his having outworn his popularity by overplaying the game of self-perpetuation in office. There is but the most casual mention of the cruelty and oppression which ultimately brought about the revolution of 1911 and the subsequent turmoil. Such episodes as the massacre of workers in the Rio Blanco textile mills, or the engulfment of Indian villages by the Porfirist land-grabbers are omitted. There is mention of the great prosperity brought about by modern industrialism but nothing of its abuses and of its special effects on the peculiar conditions it encountered in Mexico. One misses also references to the still considerable part played by the church after the reform laws of Juarez. The final chapters dealing with Mexico since Diaz's fall appear to lack the authority and careful research that characterize the history up to that point and are presumably included to bring the book up to date rather than to express a final judgment. A second edition in which the chapters dealing with Diaz and after are expanded to bring them into consonance with the questions that are agitating the third decade of the twentieth century will add considerably to the value of this otherwise excellent work.

ERNEST GRUENING

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## How to Make Wages Go Up

*The Control of Wages.* By Walton Hamilton and Stacy May. George H. Doran Company. (The Workers' Bookshelf.) $1.50.

MOST economists think that wages are fixed by God, though they call it His natural law, or productivity, or something of that sort. Most business men, when they think about the question at all, think the same thing. Messrs. Hamilton and May, on the other hand, think that wages are fixed by men, and that men can raise them if they go about it intelligently. They think that the trade unions are likely to raise them very little by the methods hitherto followed, and they have written an extraordinarily suggestive little book for the express purpose of pointing out to the unions possible sources of future wage increases and possible methods of realizing such increases. This is a new sort of wage theory. Old-school economists will probably denounce it as no theory at all, but thoughtful workers are likely to declare it not only more interesting, but vastly more useful to them, than the older speculations. If the sober and godly excoriate the authors for their frank attempt to put tools (they can scarcely be called weapons) into the hands of the unions, the "ists" of all sorts are no less certain to damn them for their sturdy rejection of every scheme of salvation by formula. It is a hard job to think, and most people would rather denounce seventy times seven than to think once, not to speak of thinking all the time.

The authors hold a highly dynamic wage theory. Denying the existence of a "rate of wages" or even of wage levels in the sense of determinate unchangeable standards, they maintain that every one of the myriad wage rates existing at any given time rests upon "many and varied pecuniary, industrial, and economic factors" of a changeable character. By taking thought for the morrow, workers through their organizations can continuously and cumulatively raise wages, but such a result must be accomplished by intelligent understanding and conscious control of the economic order. There are three possible sources of wage increase: (1) Money wages may be raised (a) through changes in distribution (trenching on interest, rents, or profits); (b) through technical improvements in production (better labor, management, or machinery); (c) through changes in the organization of industry. (2) The price of the goods and services that the laborer buys may be lowered. (3) The laborer's free income (free services of all sorts performed by the industrial corporation or the state) may be increased. In the past, unions have tried chiefly to raise wages at the expense of other incomes, a narrow and relatively barren form of effort. The gains that are possible by the other four methods above suggested are vastly more important, and an intelligent unionism will address itself to seeing that they go to swell wages instead of being diverted to other uses. For in this lively theory there is no inexorable economic law that fatally allocates the fruit of new productive power to this or that "economic agent." Men forever are in control, acting of course through the institutions they have developed, and there is no escape from the endless task of deciding who shall get what.

All this, of course, is in the sharpest contradiction to absolute theories of all sorts, orthodox and heterodox alike. Conventional economic opinion, in conformity with ordinary business opinion, has always assumed that wages and the other shares in distribution are more or less inexorably determined by "economic laws" beyond human control. If the laborer therefore asked what he could do about it, orthodox theory grimly replied: "Nothing, except limit your numbers" (in the days of the wage fund), or "except work and save" (in these more urbane modern days of productivity). Not so these cheerful theorists, who declare that economic laws are nothing more than the total workings of an institutional complex every one of whose elements is under human control: "Are your wages too low? Very well; *what are you going to do about it?* You can do this and this and this, with the probability of such and such results, but only if you know enough and act intelligently enough." Truly this is a rattling of the dry bones in the desolate valley of economic theory.

Though this is essentially a book of economic theory, its whole purpose is directly and eminently practical—which is to say that it has the first requisite of good theory. Offering no panacea, it is yet full of suggestions, not only of what to do, but of how to do it. One of the most interesting, both theoretically and practically, is the proposal for the "liquidation of ownership" by the device of buying out investments at their market value with a series of annuities running half a century. The plan is so simple and practicable that of course it will not be adopted; we greatly prefer to pay interest charges forever. Probably a no less unhappy fate awaits this whole stirring appeal to the workers to take control of wages. Yet even a hardened economist cannot forbear wishing the book a happier destiny.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

## By One of the Marchers

*Marching On.* By Ray Strachey. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

I HAVE been asked to review Ray Strachey's "Marching On" as one who was born in the midst of two of the great reform movements, anti-slavery and women's rights, which provide the unusual setting for this novel. The author declares that for the first part of her story, which is a vivid portrayal of the misery that always accompanies pioneer life, especially for women, she is indebted to the famous suffragist, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. It is quite natural, therefore, that the second part of this most interesting historical novel should be devoted largely to the question of the right of women to higher education, followed, as a matter of course, by a plea for women's human right to the ballot. This section of the book seems to me to be less forcible in the presentation of its theme because for some reason the author chose to use a fictitious name for one of the Grimké sisters (Sarah and Angelina). It was the latter, not Sarah, who was married. These remarkable women really started the ball of the suffrage movement. When in 1837 the churches refused to allow them to speak from their pulpits on the horrors of slavery, their audiences having overflowed the limits of drawing-rooms, they appealed to the leader of the Abolitionists to be allowed to speak on the burning question of slavery on the same platform with men. He gladly welcomed them and gave them the desired opportunity, losing many of his small number of adherents in consequence. When remonstrances came he said: "I owe a greater duty to the women who are half the human race than I do to the slaves who are happily only a small portion of it, and I must be true to both."

Mrs. Strachey's delineation, admirable as it is, of the hardships undergone by the pioneer suffrage lecturers, for whom the door had been opened by the Abolition movement, does not begin to express what those women actually had to endure.

The novel gives in the main a true picture of some of the prominent Abolitionists, among them Frederick Douglass, whose imposing stature and oratorical gifts helped mightily to obtain freedom for his colored brothers and sisters. Mrs. Strachey also fittingly represents the impassioned eloquence of the former slave, Sojourner Truth, Mrs. Stowe's "Lybian Sibyl," and recounts the story of an anti-slavery meeting at which Frederick Douglass was giving way to despair when she dispelled the gloom that was settling over the meeting by asking in thrilling tones, "Frederick, is God dead?"

I became absolutely absorbed in the third part of the story which is devoted to "Bleeding Kansas" and the great conflict raging on its soil between the opponents of the extension of slavery and the Southerners who were determined to secure a safe foothold for the slave system. How this truthful narrative of that extraordinary character, John Brown, may affect

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present-day readers I know not, but to one who lived through that period it is perhaps the most exciting part of the book. As a non-resistant firmly convinced that human life should be held sacred and inviolable under all circumstances, I could have wished that the spiritual power of John Brown, disarmed and in prison, a martyr to his convictions, at last realizing the futility and the wickedness of shedding human blood for any cause whatever, could have been the climax of the story.

FANNY GARRISON VILLARD

## Louise Bogan

*Body of This Death. Poems.* By Louise Bogan. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.50.

IT is impossible to say what these twenty-seven poems are, and it would be difficult to say what they are like. The temptation is to speak of them only in images, for they are not susceptible to paraphrase; they take effect directly upon the imagination. One thing about them, however, seems plainly, prosaically sure. The thirty pages which they cover are packed as tightly with pure poetry as any thirty pages have been for a generation. The poet would be rare at any time who could achieve so much concentration and so unquestionably sustain it. Practically every one of these bare, stricken lines is suggestive of riches; the words dig deep, bringing up odors of earth and life that will live a long time in the memory. There is no rhetoric—hardly a phrase could be reduced by a word—but there is the sheer eloquence of passion; there is no tunefulness, but there is music "from music's root," "a fine noise of riven things."

Under a diversity of forms Miss Bogan has expressed herself with an almost awful singleness. Again, however, it is impossible to say what it is she has said; again one must resort to an image—or to her images. One can be certain that experience of some ultimate sort is behind this writing, that something has been gone through with entirely and intensely, leaving the desolation of a field swept once for all by fire. But the desolation is not vacancy or lassitude. The charred grass is brilliantly black, and the scarred ground is fascinating in its deformity. There still is life, hidden and bitterly urgent.

"I burned my life, that I might find
A passion wholly of the mind,
Thought divorced from eye and bone,
Ecstasy come to breath alone.
I broke my life, to seek relief
From the flawed light of love and grief.

"With mounting beat the utter fire
Charred existence and desire.
It died low, ceased its sudden thresh.
I had found unmysterious flesh—
Not the mind's avid substance—still
Passionate beyond the will."

This poem alone would establish Miss Bogan's excellence in her art. There are twenty-six others, all of which ought to be read. There is A Tale, for instance, which says all that can be said on the subject of mutability, and says it in strains of music at once ancient and weirdly new. There is Medusa, with its perfect rendering of a world suddenly frozen:

"This is a dead scene forever now.
Nothing will ever stir.
The end will never brighten it more than this,
Nor the rain blur.

"The water will always fall, and will not fall,
And the tipped bell make no sound.
The grass will always be growing for hay
Deep on the ground.

"And I shall stand here like a shadow
Under the great balanced day,
My eyes on the yellow dust, that was lifting in the wind,
And does not drift away."

And there is Fifteenth Farewell, one portion of which pierces with quick genius exactly to the center of an important idea:

"I erred, when I thought loneliness the wide
Scent of mown grass over forsaken fields,
Or any shadow isolation yields.
Loneliness was the heart within your side.
Your thought, beyond my touch, was tilted air
Ringed with as many borders as the wind.
How could I judge you gentle or unkind
When all bright flying space was in your care?"

Miss Bogan has spoken always with intensity and intelligent skill; she has not always spoken clearly. Now and then her poetry comes too immediately from a personal source to mean very much to others. Nevertheless, this first volume places her near the lead of those poets today—Anna Wickham, Charlotte Mew, Genevieve Taggard, and others—who are passionately exploring the endless, narrow paths of woman's (and man's) experience. It is absolutely individual, yet it reaches toward the race. It may be a classic.

MARK VAN DOREN

## Paradox

*Isles of Illusion. Letters from the South Sea.* Edited by Bohun Lynch. Small, Maynard and Company. $3.

SPORTING an undergraduate outfit of Stevenson romance and Beardsley fantasy but with his stout English heart girded by the triple brass of insular prejudice, the anonymous writer of these letters from the New Hebrides went into a plague-stricken, volcanic, cannibal-infested bush to pit himself against his fate. He loved adventure, of course.

"Why weren't you here yesterday? I have had such fun," he writes, describing the zeal with which he punished some natives for shooting an "absinthe-drinking libéré." "We burned their village, cut down their 'God-tree,' and then found their gardens and uprooted and stole all their yams. That means that they will starve during the winter. . . . I feel no sympathy at all with the man [the libéré]. He sells the niggers grog and Winchesters and then wonders that he gets shot."

In the matter of race "Asterisk" is very sound. "I simply point blank refuse to sit at table with half-castes or niggers. Even at —— where the 'boss' is married to a Kanaka, I persist, and in consequence Madame feeds in the kitchen. . . ."

Why bother with him or his book, you ask at this stage. Because in addition to giving us shrewdly intelligent first-hand information, candor of this sort, if more often indulged, would soon destroy whatever rags and tatters are left of the White Man's Burden myth. Far more important, the book contains a great portrait. For eight years its subject defied disease, appalling loneliness, madness itself, in his effort to win through to a comprehension of things, being in search not so much of the illusively desirable South Sea Island as of his own soul. And in the end he finds the two together.

The same man who chortled over the notion of making natives starve repeatedly risked his life to save one of the children of a distant white neighbor. He loved his own half-caste son more tenderly than he had ever loved anything before, yet relinquished the child. His sacrifices to his code are as heroic as ironical. Although he suffers from the celibacy incurred by the break-up of his menage he feels that he might "fall utterly," go back to savagery like other complacent breeders of half-castes if he were to take another "Topsy" to himself, and he is "no Don Juan" who can go in for temporary affairs. In spite of his callousness toward things and people shut off from him by his prejudices he is keenly sensitive to those within the charmed circle of his sympathies. Of the Tahitians he says:

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"Their stock of separate words to express the soul, its attributes, after-death conditions, night fears, joys and sorrows is perfectly bewildering. Then the number of separate words for describing wind, sunset, states of the sea, and other pleasant South Sea matters bespeaks a people who must have been artists in quite a Greek way . . ."

And gradually many of the prejudices are burned out of him. Here is material for an epic of the beef-eating, globe-circling Englishman, half-Caliban, half-Ariel.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

## "Your Own Personal View"

*The Art Spirit.* By Robert Henri. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

THE sweepings of an artist's mind, like those of the United States mint, may yield a modicum of precious substance, if they be sifted and reduced. The unparalleled fecundity and range of Leonardo Da Vinci's thought amply justify the publication of his notebooks in full. But Robert Henri's ideas, though vital, have no such scope, and the valuable discussions contained in this hodge-podge of students' notes, occasional articles, and letters could be given to the public in comparatively few pages. No one can quarrel with Robert Henri for not himself undertaking the task of reducing to order this repetitious mass of material. His energies are magnificently employed elsewhere. It is unfortunate, however, that his wholesome and liberating ideas should be lost to the general public for lack of an intelligent secretary.

These ideas are not new, but many of them are something better; they are true, important, and neglected. They unite in an unusual and salutary way the independence of the secessionist with the academician's respect for the past. They are expressed with vigor and cogency rather than with authority, for Robert Henri, unlike most successful innovators, wishes his students not to follow in his footsteps but to explore paths of their own choosing. Even in the early steps of the acquirement of a technique the student is urged to express himself rather than to copy even his model, to have "courage to go on developing this ability to see in nature the thing which charms you, and to express just that as fully and completely as you can. Just that. Nothing else. Not to do as any other artist does. Nor to be afraid that you may do as any other artist does."

Except in its emphasis upon the complete autonomy of the individual the book can hardly be said to have a point of view. But in this lies its chief interest and the proof of the artist's sincerity in urging his students to "blunder ahead with your own personal view."

Most of what Mr. Henri says has a wisdom applicable far beyond its immediate reference; for example, "You will never get form till you *want* it. And wanting to want it is not wanting it," or, "It will not do to have your fine thought yesterday, and paint your picture today." Upon nearly every page occur brief revealing phrases upon which anyone might well meditate; "the tremendous activity of a boy sitting still"; "All nature has power of response"; and the wonderful description of Velasquez's dwarfs contained in the phrase, "the groping of a puzzled heart."

CLARA M. SMERTENKO

## Books in Brief

*Untrodden Ways. Adventures on English Coasts, Heaths, and Marshes, and also among the Works of Hudson, Crabbe, and Other Country Writers.* By H. J. Massingham. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.

Able and devoted essays, with entirely too little of that unaffected nobility which Mr. Massingham, who is always conscious of writing well, admires in Hudson. The essay on Crabbe's observation of bird and field is particularly acute and valuable.

*Feet of Clay.* By Margaretta Tuttle. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

If this novel had appeared in the spring, one would dispose of it in a paragraph by suggesting its eminent fitness for vacation reading. Now, with a long—and possibly hard—winter in prospect, it can only be recommended to those who demand that their fiction shall be lighter than their blankets regardless of the season.

*Out of the Past.* By R. W. Postgate. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

This volume comprises a series of footnotes to history, concerned with some of the minor figures of history who have been "agin the government." The author gives a graphic and well-digested account of various episodes related to modern revolutionary movements, fitting them into their proper niche in historical perspective.

*More Lives Than One.* By Carolyn Wells. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Miss Wells is a shrewd master of plot, and understands the value of a liberal injection of humor in the most feverish of mystery tales. She assumes that the average reader knows only what he is told, and she is careful not to get in advance of his mental processes. Thus it happens that "More Lives Than One" is a satisfying—but never a stimulating—story.

*Americanism: A World Menace.* By W. T. Colyer. The Labour Publishing Company, Ltd. 6/-.

This is a thorough indictment, designed to take all the starch out of the stiff bosom of American patriotism. It examines our institutions in logical order, and measures the exact hiatus between the ideals which are supposed to animate them and the methods which actually control them. The book would be a more devastating arraignment if one did not suspect that the same discrepancy exists between the ideals and the methods of other nations, which are—by that token—minor menaces of the same sort.

# Drama

## Importations

CERTAIN forces in our theater are fast becoming Americanizing agencies of a subtle but powerful kind. I shall not be accused of a lack of fondness for the great drama of the Continent. But in our immediate situation there is something false, there is something meretricious, there is something that will make us look foolish if we do not keep our judgment steady.

At the Frolic Theater a fashionable audience—an audience with occasional ropes of pearls—had gathered reverently to see the Grand Guignol players straight from Paris. Straight from Paris! (May I say that I have a reasonable acquaintance with the French language and that not a word of the well-enunciated lines escaped me?) A very praiseworthy, an almost reverential expectancy pervaded the audience. One rarely sees that hereabouts. The curtain rose and the players performed four one-act plays: "Sur le Banc," "Au Rat Mort," "Une Nuit au Bouge," "Le Court Circuit."

The scenery and the lighting effects had been brought from Paris, too. Straight from Paris. I knew that at once because I know that such scenery and such lighting no longer exist in the reputable American theater. You cannot buy it; I doubt whether you can rent it even from storehouses. That, I gladly admit, is a minor matter. I have seen great plays worthily presented amid bits of second-hand furniture and old-fashioned side-wings trying hard to make six pasteboard trees look like a mysterious garden. In itself that is less than nothing. But the acting of the Parisian players. It isn't bad; it isn't even bad. It is of a deadly and conventional mediocrity. You know exactly what everybody is going to do at every moment; it is of the theater, indeed—of a theater untouched by the traditions of a certain Antoine who was a Parisian too. Neither Antoine nor Brahm nor Stanislavsky have lived as far as this theater

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is concerned. Thus, undoubtedly, unless some exotic person of genius happened to be around, they acted in the days of the sainted Sardou. They are still at it.

The plays, granting their semi-popular character, are not good plays. They are not nearly as good as the better one-acters presented here years ago by the Washington Square Players or the Provincetown Players. They are not nearly so intelligent; they are not nearly so well wrought. Their ingenuity belongs to an uningenious age. The ghastly practical joke in "Une Nuit au Bouge," for instance, is drawn out quite beyond endurance; it is blunted and killed by mere length and deadly iteration. One felt like saying: "Yes, yes, we know; we see what you are trying to do; we passed any possibility of thrill ten minutes ago. Go on and get done." Similarly "Sur le Banc" is dreadfully obvious. Of course the old gentleman told just such an anecdote; of course the little shop-girl determined to remain "sage." Of course, of course. A little Dumas *fils*, a little Sardou, both drained of the vitality and timeliness of their day and character. . . . I am sure the Selwyns meant well. Mr. Gest brings great things from Europe. Why not do likewise? Excellent. But they should at least have insisted on the Guitrys coming in person. New York is the second theatrical city in the world. If Berlin is engulfed by civil war it will soon be the first. These players and their plays are not good enough.

It was pleasant to see the Neighborhood Playhouse reopen. Has one spent more truly agreeable hours in any theater? But here too, the foreign fallacy has made itself felt. Undoubtedly M. Boleslavsky is an artist and undoubtedly sketchiness and briefness of rehearsal are glaring faults of the American theater. But either I am obtuse where I have every predisposition to be enthusiastic or I have seen equally good if not indeed better ensemble acting at the Neighborhood Playhouse itself, at the Garrick, in isolated productions up and down Broadway, and at the Jewish Art Theater. And I am quite aware of the charming talent of Joanna Roos, Albert Carrol, Pamela Gaythorne, Aline MacMahon, John F. Roche, and others.

Of the two plays presented, the first, William Butler Yeats's "The Player Queen," is imaginative, beautifully written at moments of course, but not a little obscure. It is terribly overwritten and therefore terribly dull. The fallacy of "artiness," of the self-approbation that proceeds from the conviction of liking the right and beautiful and subtle and ultimate thing may warm the bosom of the Playhouse's audiences. Mine remained cold. Life and art are both difficult enough. To be so bored is the last indignity. The second play is Shaw's "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet," not one of his very great things. The roughness in this production was forced and conscious. Mr. Campbell as Blanco was inarticulate at many moments, The grouping and gestures of the women were admirable. It was both instructive and delightful to watch Miss Roos. But during the whole performance I thought, somehow, of Gilbert Emery's "Tarnish," of the fact that I could have gone, on this evening, to see a new American play by Maxwell Anderson, that I had deliberately come here instead, and that daily and almost hourly I am becoming more devoted, in the theater and out, to those aspects of life and art that a Middle Western friend of mine used to sum up in the inelegant but telling words —brass tacks.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN


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# International Relations Section

## Indians in Kenya

THE position of Indians in the protectorate of Kenya, on the east coast of Africa, is being discussed wherever Indian nationalism makes itself heard. Opposition to the recent settlement of the question has become a fixed part of the Indian nationalist program and may well have important bearings on the political future of India itself. We print below enough of the documentary history of the Indian colonization and of the recent struggle for political equality to explain the sensational resolution of the Indian National Congress, meeting at Delhi September 15-17, which declared in favor of a boycott of all British goods and stated that India could no longer honorably remain a part of the British Empire. Several of the documents included come from the Oriental Research Library in Washington, D. C., through the courtesy of Mr. Taraknath Das.

### The Background of the Struggle

A memorandum submitted to Parliament on July 23, 1923, gives a summary of the history of the Kenya question, from which we take the following passages:

The history of the position of Indians in Kenya up to the end of the late war may be summarized briefly. There have been Indian merchants established along the East African Coast for a long time, and, with the opening up of Uganda and Kenya, and particularly with the development of British administration in those countries during the last thirty-eight years, Indian traders have penetrated into the interior. Many Indian artisans and laborers employed on the construction of the Uganda Railway remained to engage in commerce, and at the beginning of the present century the number of Indians in Kenya was greatly increased by the arrival of artisans, clerks, and small traders. There is a limited number also of professional men and traders on a large scale who have come from India to the Colony. The agricultural Indian is, however, almost unknown in Kenya.

It was the question of the ownership of land in the Highlands which first brought Indian and European interests into conflict. The Highlands, less the area in that region reserved for Africans, amount to about one-tenth of the total area of the Colony and Protectorate, and they are in climate unique in the great belt of Tropical African possessions of the Crown. There were a few European settlers from about 1897, but the encouragement of their immigration into the country as a matter of policy may be dated from 1902. From that time the influx of European settlers increased steadily. The policy of the reservation of the Highlands for Europeans was definitely laid down by the Earl of Elgin, when Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1908.

At that time the unofficial element on the Legislative Council was entirely nominated, and in 1909 the experiment was tried of adding an Indian nominated member. This experiment did not prove entirely satisfactory, and the appointment was not renewed when the term of office of the Indian concerned came to an end.

In 1913, a distinguished sanitation expert, Professor (now Sir William) Simpson, furnished a report on sanitary matters in Kenya, in which he advocated strongly a system of racial segregation, both in the residential and in the commercial areas of the large towns. His views were accepted, and when the time came for applying them after the war, this question of segregation formed one of the main points at issue between the European and the Indian communities.

At the end of the war it was decided to give effect to the long-standing desire of the European community for representation on the Legislative Council by means of elected members. The grant of elective institutions was approved by Viscount Milner in 1919 and took effect at the beginning of 1920. The number of European elected unofficial members of the Council was fixed at eleven, but provision was made for maintaining an official majority in the Council.

In 1918, the report of a local Economic Commission of Inquiry into post-war development was published. This contained disparaging references to the Indians then in Kenya, and advocated strict control of future immigration from India. Although the passages in question were repudiated by Lord Milner as not representing the view either of His Majesty's Government or himself, the report undoubtedly added to the feeling of bitterness among the Indians. . . .

. . . The more general question of the position of Indians in the Empire came under discussion at the Imperial Conference of 1921. At the first meeting, the following resolution was adopted:

The Conference, while reaffirming the resolution of the Imperial War Conference of 1918, that each community of the British Commonwealth should enjoy complete control of the composition of its own population by means of restriction on immigration from any of the other communities, recognizes that there is an incongruity between the position of India as an equal member of the British Empire and the existence of disabilities upon British Indians lawfully domiciled in some other parts of the Empire. The Conference accordingly is of the opinion that, in the interests of the solidarity of the British Commonwealth, it is desirable that the rights of such Indians to citizenship should be recognized.

The following observations were appended to the resolution:

The representatives of South Africa regret their inability to accept this resolution in view of the exceptional circumstances of the greater part of the Union.

. . . . . .

The representatives of India, while expressing their appreciation of the acceptance of the resolution recorded above, feel bound to place on record their profound concern at the position of Indians in South Africa, and their hope that by negotiation between the governments of India and of South Africa some way can be found, as soon as may be, to reach a more satisfactory position.

### The Text of the Settlement

The same memorandum then traces the course of the negotiations which followed the Imperial Conference of 1921 and prints the text of the Wood-Winterton report establishing an equal though qualified franchise for all "British subjects and British-protected persons" in Kenya. It also describes the general purpose of the British Government to protect against all infringements the rights of the African natives and states on the other hand that "His Majesty's Government cannot but regard the grant of responsible self-government as out of the question within any period of time which need now be taken into consideration."

The text of the final settlement is then printed and we publish below the most important sections:

. . . 4. Representation on the Legislative Council.

(a) Elective System. In no responsible quarter is it suggested that the Indians in Kenya should not have elective representation upon the Legislative Council of the Colony. The point at issue is the method whereby such elective representation should be secured. There are two alternative methods: (1) A common electoral roll. (2) Communal franchise. . . .

Under the former system, Kenya would be divided up into a given number of constituencies, in each of which European and Indian voters on the roll would vote together at an election for candidates of either race, and the qualifications for admission to the voters' roll would be the same for Europeans and for Indians. Under the latter system, European and Indian constituencies would be demarcated independently, not necessarily coinciding in number or boundaries; the qualifications for admission to the voters' roll would not necessarily be the same

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for the two communities; and while Europeans would vote in the European constituencies for European candidates, Indians would vote in the Indian constituencies for Indian candidates.

(b) Qualifications for Voters. . . . Under the communal system His Majesty's Government are prepared to grant to Indians a wide franchise. It will be a matter for the Governor of the Colony to ascertain the views of the Indian community and to submit the necessary legislation to give effect thereto. The same procedure will be followed in the case of the Arab community.

(c) Qualifications for Candidates. His Majesty's Government are prepared to adopt a similar principle in regard to the qualifications for candidates, except that there must be a test which will insure that candidates have such a knowledge of the English language as will enable them to take their part in the proceedings of the Legislative Council. No system which would involve the use of two or more official languages in the Council will be contemplated; but His Majesty's Government have no ground for supposing that the imposition of this necessary condition will create difficulties or limit unreasonably the choice of suitable candidates.

(d) Numbers on Legislative Council. The question then remains of the number of seats on the Council to be allocated to each community. As matters stand, there are eleven elected unofficials (Europeans) on the Council, and as a provisional measure authority was given in 1921 for the substitution of four nominated Indian members for the two elected Indian members contemplated in Lord Milner's dispatch of the 21st of May, 1920.

After full consideration, His Majesty's Government have decided that provision should be made for five elected Indian unofficial members on the Council; while for the Arabs, it has been decided that there shall be one elected member in addition to the nominated Arab official member for whom provision already exists. The Europeans will continue to return eleven elected representatives. The number of nominated official members will be fixed so as to maintain an official majority on the Council. . . .

. . . No articulate expression of opinion can be yet expected from the African tribes in Kenya, and the time has not come to consider what should be their representation on the Council. The educational development of individual natives will undoubtedly precede the political education of the general body of natives; there are, indeed, signs of this already. . . .

7. Segregation in Townships. The next matter for consideration is that of segregation of the European and non-European races. . . . It is now the view of the competent medical authorities that, as a sanitation measure, segregation of Europeans and Asiatics is not absolutely essential for the preservation of the health of the community; the rigid enforcement of sanitary, police, and building regulations, without any racial discrimination, by the Colonial and municipal authorities will suffice. . . . They have therefore decided that the policy of segregation as between Europeans and Asiatics in the townships must be abandoned.

But for the present, at any rate, it is considered desirable, as in other native dependencies, to keep the residential quarters of natives, so far as may be practicable, separate from those of the immigrant races. . . .

8. Reservation of Highlands. . . .

After reviewing the history of this question and taking into consideration the facts that during the last fifteen years European British subjects have been encouraged to develop the Highlands and that during that period settlers have taken up land in the Highlands on this understanding, His Majesty's Government have decided that the existing practice must be maintained as regards both initial grants and transfers.

An area of land in the Lowlands which can be set aside without infringing on native reserves and without conflicting with native requirements will be temporarily reserved in order that it may be ascertained by experience what demand there is for agricultural land on the part of Indians who will give suitable guaranties of their intention to develop the land themselves. After the expiration of a limited period, the reservation of this area in the Lowlands will be reconsidered in the light of experience so gained. . . .

9. Immigration. . . . But the consideration which must govern immigration policy in Kenya is purely economic, and strict regard must be paid to the interests of the African. When the question is reexamined from this standpoint, it is evident to His Majesty's Government that some further control over immigration in the economic interests of the natives of Kenya is required. . . .

In course of time, as the natives progress intellectually, they will no doubt take the place which Africans hold in other parts of British Tropical Africa in mechanical and subordinate clerical work and in small trade, and it must be the aim of the British administration to further this development by all possible means. With this object the Colonial Government must weigh, so far as may be practicable, the effect on native interests of the admission to the Colony of would-be immigrants of any race. . . .

10. Conclusion. In conclusion, His Majesty's Government desire to record that the decisions embodied in this memorandum have only been taken after an exhaustive review of the several complicating factors which have led to the present unhappy controversy. Their constant endeavor throughout their deliberations has been to relate the principles which must govern the administration of a British Colony in Tropical Africa to the wider considerations of general Imperial policy as enunciated in the Resolution of the Imperial Conference of 1921. It is regretted that on certain material points it has not been possible to meet the wishes of the Government of India, whose views have received the fullest consideration from His Majesty's Government at the instance of the Secretary of State for India. It is not to be expected that issues so grave can be composed to the immediate satisfaction of the several interests concerned, but His Majesty's Government believe that the decisions now taken, resting as they do on the broad basis of the British trusteeship for the African, provide an equitable adjustment of those interests. It is the confident expectation of His Majesty's Government, that if the whole matter is viewed in its true perspective, decisions so based will be accorded general acceptance, and it is their earnest hope that a sincere effort will be made to restore in Kenya that spirit of cooperation and good-will so essential to its welfare and development.

### How the Europeans Felt

The anti-Indian sentiments of the Europeans in Kenya, led by Lord Delamere, are expressed in a violent resolution, adopted by the Kenya Convention of Associations on February 26, 1923, some time before the final settlement, when the liberal proposals of the Wood-Winterton report were still supposed to represent the official British position:

That this Convention representing the entire European community in Kenya Colony solemnly affirms its unswerving loyalty to His Majesty the King and its determination to uphold his Empire.

But in view of the proposals of His Majesty's Government relating to the Indian franchise in Kenya, this Convention feels it to be its bounden duty to place on record that if in consequence of the ill-considered advice of His Majesty's Ministers his loyal subjects should be forced into action prejudicial to His Majesty's peace and abhorrent and ruinous to themselves, then the full responsibility for such a calamity must rest upon those advisers who, in their ignorance of or indifference to the true issues involved, shall have advised His Majesty to sanction a policy disastrous to the future of white colonization in Africa and to the welfare of millions of His Majesty's African subjects; and which this Convention believes to be calculated ultimately to endanger the integrity of the British Empire.

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### A Protest and a Threat

The attitude of Indians in India toward the terms of the Kenya settlement is revealed in the resolutions which follow, adopted by a mass meeting in Bombay on September 11:

I

1. Resolved that this public meeting of the citizens of Bombay under the joint auspices of (1) The Bombay Presidency Association, (2) Indian Merchants Chamber and Bureau, (3) British Indian Colonial Merchants Association, (4) Imperial Indian Citizenship Association, (5) National Home Rule League, (6) the Indian Progressive Association, and (7) the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee places on record its unanimous and emphatic conviction that the decision of His Majesty's Government on the Kenya question is, except on the point of residential and commercial segregation in the townships, in violation of the essential features of the pledges extended to the Indians from time to time by His Majesty's Government and responsible ministers of the Crown; and is, in the matter or restriction of Indian immigration into Kenya, in violation of the rights of free immigration into East Africa of Indians long before the advent of British rule in Kenya; and is utterly subversive of the principles of equality within the British Commonwealth, and establishes the dangerous and intolerable principle of white domination. This meeting, therefore, demands an immediate reversal of the decision inasmuch as it constitutes a denial of the right of India to develop as an equal partner in the British Commonwealth.

2. That this meeting agrees with the view of the Indians in Kenya that the decision of His Majesty's Government is unacceptable in most matters, and fully shares with them their grief and humiliation; and hereby declares its firm determination to support them in any legitimate steps that they feel called upon to take in vindication of their undoubted rights.

II

That this meeting regards the scant consideration to the representatives of the Government of India on the Kenya question shown by His Majesty's Government as being due to its present subordinate character and declares its emphatic opinion that India will not be able to speak with the just authority due to it unless it is made fully responsible to the people of India and thus become the real mouthpiece of Indian sentiments and aspirations.

III

That, in order to bring home to the authorities in England and the Dominions, Colonies, and Protectorates of the Empire the feeling of indignation and resentment caused throughout India by the decision of His Majesty's Government on the Kenya Indian question this public meeting is emphatically of opinion:

1. That Dr. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and H. H. the Maharaja of Alwar should enter an emphatic protest against the injustice of the Kenya decision in the Imperial Conference and should withdraw from it, except in the event of their being convinced of a definite chance of obtaining a reversal of the decision of His Majesty's Government.

2. That India should not participate in the forthcoming Empire Exhibition and the Empire Economic Conference.

3. That in future all colonial non-Indians wishing to enter, reside, and serve in India be subjected to the same restrictions and disabilities prevailing against Indians in the country from which they come, including those relating to the right to trade and to hold properties and mining and navigation licenses in British India or in Indian States in alliance with His Majesty, or the right to vote under the present election rules.

4. That pending the abolition of all preferential rights still reserved for Europeans under the Criminal Procedure Code, these special rights in the case of colonials be immediately abrogated.

5. That as a retaliatory measure the different political associations and business bodies calling this public meeting be requested to appoint a committee of experts to prepare a scheme of a complete boycott of goods made in all parts of the British Empire except India, showing from time to time which goods should be boycotted and the method and manner of their boycott, according to the condition and requirements of the country.

### A Liberal Protest

Even the so-called Liberals of India who have been supporting the Indian Government are revolting against the Kenya settlement. The most prominent among them, the Right Honorable V. S. Srinivas Sastri, contributed to *Young India*, in the issue of September 6, an article in which he said:

. . . Let us look at Kenya. We have gone there for some centuries now. The British Government came there only to safeguard our interests. Not only did we furnish the occasion but we exerted our influence to establish the British Protectorate. The earliest British officers thought that the new territory could be a suitable outlet for the congested districts in India. Our coolie labor built the railway. In fact today not only railways but government offices are run by our clerical labor. The currency system was ours till it was supplanted recently to the ruin of Indian wealth. The Indian Penal Code was introduced; our armies fought on the soil of Kenya more than once to keep the Union Jack flying. We are the only people now that do anything to teach and train the native in the art of civilized life. Great numbers of Indians were born and bred there after many years during which we were invited, employed, and encouraged, to be now told at the bidding of a few narrow-minded whites that we are a danger to the native, that we are a moral and physical infection, and that our future immigration must be controlled and finally stopped. This is the refinement of ingratitude and tyranny, the thought of which still lacerates my heart though it has been my constant companion night and day during some months. It may not be pleasing to the Government but it is good for them to know that there is hardly an intelligent or patriotic Indian who does not consider the settlement as setting aside a long succession of righteous pledges in the direction of human brotherhood in favor of an unrighteous pledge made by incompetent authorities and in the face of earnest protests.

The Kenya settlement is a grave national humiliation. It shakes the foundations of our public life. Party interests and party shibboleths seem now irrelevant as well as a heavy handicap. I am happy to believe that members of the Servants of India Society are unanimous in their desire, while remaining true to their Liberal creed and that of its founder, to cooperate with men and women of all parties in the country trying to get their grievous wrongs righted and in the speedy achievement of Swaraj, which is the sovereign need of the hour.

### The Indians Hit Back

The City Fathers of Madras, at a General Meeting of the Corporation held on August 27, adopted the following resolutions:

That, in view of the unjust and humiliating treatment of His Majesty's Indian subjects by the governments of the Dominions and Crown Colonies of the British Empire, this Corporation resolves:

1. That, in future, no non-Indian born in those dominions or colonies be employed by this Corporation either as agent, contractor, or servant;

2. That, in future, no licenses, facilities, or concessions be granted to any non-Indian born in those dominions or colonies, including circus troupes, for any trade or other purpose;

3. That no insurance of the movable or immovable properties of the Corporation be hereafter placed with insurance companies registered in those dominions or colonies; and

4. That the commissioner and the standing committees are hereby requested to give effect to the aforesaid resolutions with strictness.

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### The Communist View

The aspirations of both Indians and Europeans are viewed from the lofty heights of Communist detachment in an editorial printed in the *Vanguard,* the Central Organ of the Communist Party of India.

The representatives of Indian capital and their creatures, the politicians of all complexions within and outside the Legislative Councils, are up in arms against the recent decisions of the British Cabinet regarding the status of the Indian settlers in Kenya. Sir Fazulbhouy Currimbhoy, the president of the Bombay Indian Merchants Chamber, threatens that "India will refuse to identify herself with the Empire hereafter." Mr. Seshag iri Iyer, of the Indian Legislative Assembly, characterizes the action of the British Cabinet as a "tragic violation of solemn pledges" and gives a warning that India "will not observe her obligations of loyalty to the Empire." Mr. Srinivas Sastri, generally a model of constitutionalism, predicts terrible things as a result of this flouting by the British bourgeoisie of the interests of the Indian mercantile colony, some 22,000 strong, in Kenya. The whole Kenya affair, over which bourgeois political opinion in India is so much agitated, is a striking example of the developing competition of the English and Indian capitalists for the flesh-pots of the British Empire. Kenya is only one of such examples outside India. Within India itself, indigenous capital, in the hands of the Bombay financiers, is pledged to a rapid industrialization of India as a means toward a calculated encroachment, with the help of protective tariffs, on the monopoly of exploitation hitherto enjoyed by British capital, either from Lancashire or invested on the spot.

The 22,000 Indian merchants settled in Kenya have succeeded in acquiring vast vested interests, a fact much resented by the 10,000 English colonists there. There has arisen between British and Indian capital a keen competition for the right to exploit the 2,500,000 native Africans in Kenya, as well as the natural resources of that colony. As political power is in the hands of the British, the Indian is handicapped in the expansion of his capitalist rights and privileges. The crown colony administration of Kenya, thoroughly alarmed at the audacity of Indian capital, sought to exclude Indians from adequate representation in the local legislative body, denies them the right to acquire land in the fertile and climatically favorable highlands, and proposes to enforce measures of segregation and immigration restriction on Indians which are extremely derogatory to Indian rights and interests. In the resultant fight for political power and commercial expansion between the two rival sets of exploiters, the Indian Government, conscious of the growing force of Indian public opinion on this question, constituted itself the champion of the Indian cause in Kenya, and made representations to the London Cabinet to settle the questions in favor of Indian sentiment.

But the British ministers in London have not been able to forget that the British Empire exists principally for the benefit of British capital. The questions at issue have been decided in favor of the British colonists. . . .

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Indian capitalist in Kenya has developed toward the exploited Africans a mental attitude curiously similar to that of the British capitalist in India toward the exploited Indians. Mr. Jivanjee, one of the richest Indian capitalists in Kenya, recently addressed a meeting of his compatriots in Berlin. He was shocked at the suggestion that such a thing as an African problem could exist in Kenya, apart from the question of dividing the Kenya riches between the British and Indian interlopers. He could not admit that the interests of the two and a half million Africans, who preceded both the Indians and the English in the possession of Kenya and whose labor power applied to the fertile soil produces the wealth of the country, had any bearing on the question. . . . Obviously, exploiters are of a class. There is little to choose between them, except the color of their skin.


## *Why Doesn't Washington Recognize the Russian Government?*

## Do You Know—

—That in March, 1918, the Soviet Government offered to resume fighting the Germans if we would furnish munitions and supplies and that our Government ignored the offer?

—That originally the Red Army was aimed at the Germans and that Allied officers helped organize it?

—That the "Sisson Letters," which in 1918 caused the American public to execrate the Soviet leaders, are now acknowledged to be forgeries?

—That our State Department has pigeonholed reports which, if given out, would have made impossible the poisoning of the American public with lies fabricated by Russian *emigres*?

—That the Russian Division of our State Department has become a nest of persons connected by birth, marriage, or fellowship with the Russian aristocracy?

—That the Yudenich drive on Petrograd was financed by selling the famished Esthonians at fancy prices food supplied by the American Relief Commission?

—That in Kolchak's flight from Omsk *sixty train-loads* of "Whites," mostly women and children, became stalled in the snow and froze to death?

## Read E. A. Ross's "The Russian Soviet Republic"—

—Read the most amazing true story of modern times—how the Allied Governments dealt with the first socialist government in history. The contrast between what the documents show and what the officials and newspapers have lead the public to believe is astounding. These damning facts are not drawn from Bolshevik sources but from documents and non-Bolshevik sources.

—Professor Ross is not at all a socialist. He is an old-line economist who has never put faith in the economic experiment being tried in Russia, but he is determined to show up the deceit practiced upon his fellow countrymen.

—He exposes the failure of the Bolshevik land policy and nationalization policy as impartially as he exposes the crookedness of Allied diplomats and statesmen.

—He explodes the Bolshevik claims to have brought on the German Revolution as relentlessly as he explodes the 49 lies about Russia, given wide circulation in the American press up to the end of 1919.

**("The Russian Soviet Republic" has just been published by the Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is the third volume of Professor Ross's trilogy on Russia. The first two volumes are "Russia in Upheaval" and the "Russian Bolshevik Revolution." Each is a full-sized octavo volume of between 300 and 400 pages, fully illustrated; and each is sold by booksellers or the publishers for $3.00.)**


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